

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 572.—Vol. XXII.

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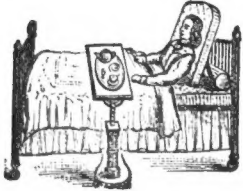
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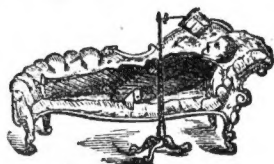
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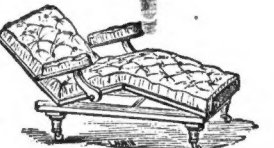
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1	2	7	9	10
3	5	8	11	13
6				14
				15
				16
				17

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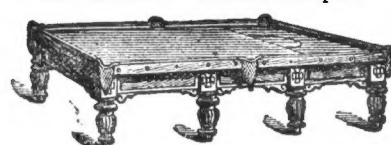
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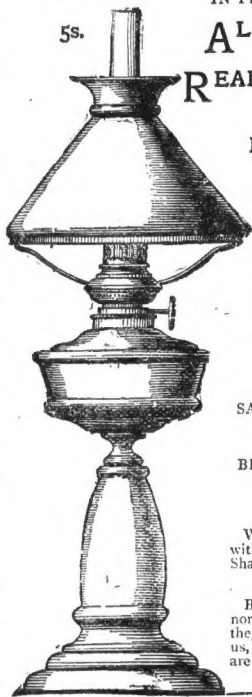
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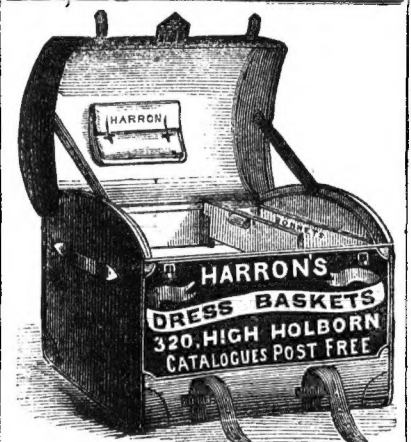
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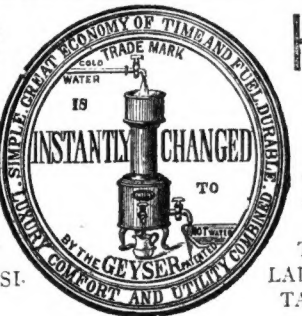
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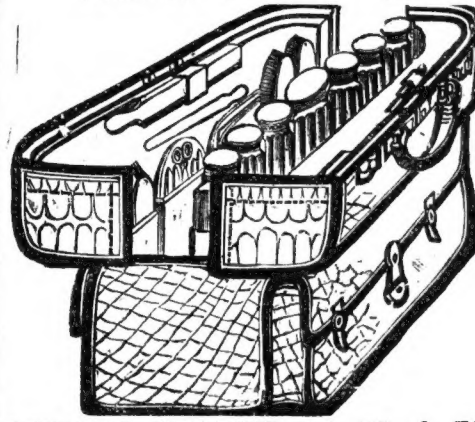
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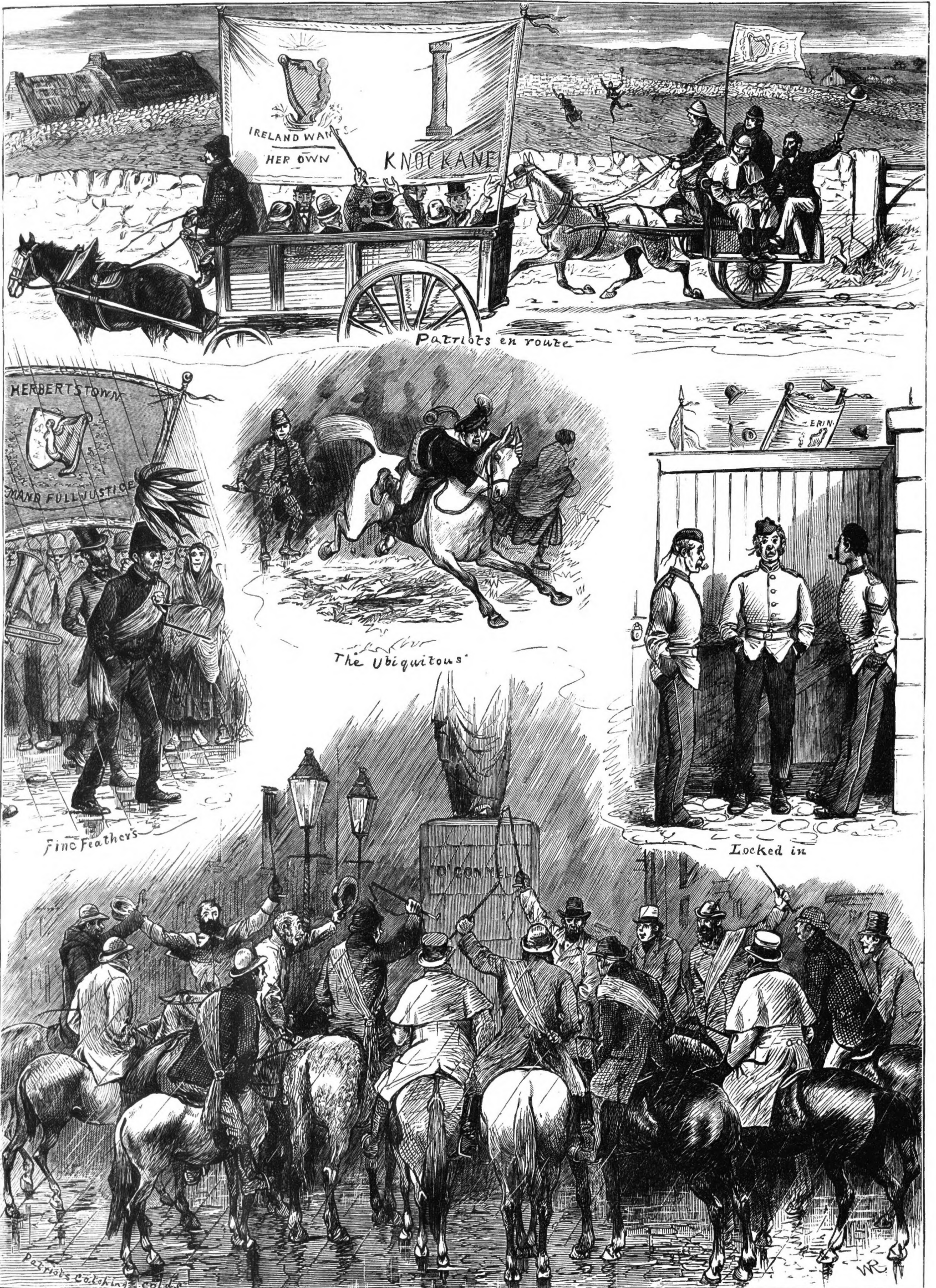
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 572.—VOL. XXII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880

ENLARGED TO  
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THE AGITATION IN IRELAND—INCIDENTS OF THE PARNELL RECEPTION AT LIMERICK



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE ON IRELAND.**—The late Emperor of the French, when at the height of his power, once made a New Year's Speech which ushered in the Austrian war. For years after that his New Year's speeches were anticipated with nervous apprehension. Somewhat in like fashion we have got into the habit of expecting important political disclosures at the Guildhall Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day. There is no earthly reason why, in return for their turtle soup, Ministers should utter anything beyond a few genial commonplaces. As, however, public opinion has decreed that the curtain which shrouds Ministerial doings during the recess should be partially lifted on the 9th November, the Government endeavour to comply with the general wish, and, though they rarely make any momentous revelations, they at all events supply texts for the discourses of innumerable leader-writers. In his remarks concerning Ireland, to which we confine ourselves in this paragraph, Mr. Gladstone spoke with the well-weighed caution necessarily appertaining to a responsible Minister of the Crown, a caution, by the way, which would have become him better, even when he was out of office, than some of the rash utterances in which he then indulged. It is, however, a traditional characteristic of the leaders of the party to which Mr. Gladstone belongs that their political creed should vary with their exclusion from or possession of office. On the Opposition bench they emulate ramping, roaring Radicals; on the Treasury bench they become smug Whigs, barely distinguishable from Tories. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Gladstone that even Land Law Reform is less important in Ireland than the maintenance of order, and also that the Government will not hesitate to ask for additional powers if they think they want them. But, after all, this, though in itself satisfactory, is only talk, and when it is asked what the Government have done, it does not appear that they have done anything except, after prolonged hesitation, to commence a prosecution which will be spun out for months, which will afford the agitators abundant opportunities of cheap notoriety, and which will quite possibly fail in its object. Meanwhile, the reign of lawlessness is stimulated by inflammatory speeches at public meetings, and by newspapers (the most violent of which are imported from America) boldly advocating armed revolt as the only genuine cure for the wrongs of the Irish peasantry. It is just possible, however, that after the recent Cabinet Council, at which Mr. Forster was present, the Government will adopt bolder measures, and will ask Parliament for exceptional powers to put down outrage. Most sensible men would have willingly accorded them these powers many weeks ago, but the Gladstone Cabinet, fancying themselves wiser than the benighted Tories, persisted in believing that the ordinary course of law was sufficient.

**MR. GLADSTONE ON FOREIGN POLICY.**—There was a marked contrast between the tone of Mr. Gladstone's statements respecting foreign policy on Tuesday and the tone of his assertions on the same subject in his Mid-Lothian speeches. When in the heat of conflict, he could not find language strong enough to denounce the policy of his predecessors; at the Guildhall he had nothing better to say of his own policy than that it is, if properly understood, a continuation of that of the late Government. Before the general election he persistently maintained that all the difficulties in the East might be settled by means of the European Concert, and that the European Concert would be easily secured if only the British Government set about the task in the right way. On Tuesday he had no more sanguine assurance to give than that he "did not wholly despair of at least effecting something by means of the Concert of Europe." By "something" he meant the transfer of Dulcigno to Montenegro. As regards Greece, he asserted that England would do nothing if the other Powers did not go along with her; and he seemed to imply that there was not much chance of the other Powers taking action in the matter in the near future. The truth is, Mr. Gladstone virtually acknowledges that he was mistaken in his calculations. His own sentiments were so vehement that he could not believe that they were not generally shared; and he has been astonished by the discovery that nobody beyond the limits of the English Radical party thoroughly sympathises with him. It is much to be regretted that the Greeks are not at present to be satisfied; but Europe cannot be blamed for declining to enforce their claims at the risk of stirring up a great war.

**ORANGE AND GREEN.**—The volcanic condition of some parts, at least, of Ireland, is indicated by the Boycott affair. Captain Boycott, of Ballinrobe, having offended the Land League and its satellites, is unable to engage labourers to gather in his crops, and is altogether labouring under a social ban. His case, however, aroused sympathy in Ulster, and a considerable armed force prepared to start on the perilous enterprise of getting in his harvest, but was stopped by the Government, who not unnaturally feared that a bloody collision would ensue. Since then the Hussars have been sent from Dublin to keep the peace in the disturbed district, and a body of fifty unarmed Ulstermen have been permitted, under stringent precautions, to undertake a journey which

appears rather more dangerous than a trip across Central Africa. Our object in calling attention to this matter is to try and ascertain whether in the question of Land Reform there is that sympathy between Orange and Green which Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, who have just been carrying the Land League campaign into Ulster, so confidently assert. The Land question has in itself no apparent connection with religious belief, but it is manifest from the address of the Grand Orange Lodge, a document which is both dignified, forcible, and hard to refute, that many Irish Protestants think otherwise. The address speaks of "A monster conspiracy, having for its immediate object the confiscation of every kind of property, and undue interference with legitimate trading, but with the ulterior purpose of uprooting and extinguishing Protestantism." Now it is easy enough to laugh at the Orangemen as impracticable fanatics, but it should be remembered that their organisation arose during the agitation which preceded the revolt of 1798, and that, although the rebels began by an unnatural alliance with the Jacobins of France, yet both at Vinegar Hill and on Wexford Bridge Protestants were distinctly massacred for being Protestants. With these memories in their minds, it is not surprising that the Protestants should look with distrust on a movement whose chief adherents are Roman Catholics, and which, though mildly rebuked by the Bishops in obedience to orders from the Vatican, is enthusiastically supported by the mass of the clergy. Supposing entire independence were granted to Ireland to-morrow, and she was left to work out her own destinies uninterfered with by England or any other nation, does any responsible statesman believe that peace would be maintained between the adherents of the rival creeds? If we thought so, we would vote for immediate Irish independence, as it would be a gloriously easy way of solving the perennial Irish problem. But as it seems far more likely that internecine strife would ensue, we find it hard to believe in any genuine coalition between Orange and Green.

**THE MINISTERIAL DEFEAT IN FRANCE.**—The movements of French politics are about as difficult to foresee as the changes of the weather. Nobody expected that the Ferry Ministry would be able to pursue an undisturbed course for a very long time; but, on the other hand, it was not supposed by the most accurate observers that at the first sitting of the Chambers during the autumn session it would be compelled to resign. The influences which led to this result are still to some extent mysterious. The first impression of a good many people was that M. Gambetta had again asserted his secret authority; but this is improbable, seeing that M. Gambetta is still unwilling to become Premier, and he could hardly have wished for a better stop-gap than M. Ferry. The truth seems to be that the majority of the Chamber acted under the influence of a vague discontent. So far as the March Decrees are concerned, their will has been done; and in foreign policy also the action of the Government has been in accordance with national opinion. But this foreign policy, although safe, has not been splendid; and the execution of the March Decrees has aroused much stronger opposition than the Radicals were prepared for. These circumstances caused the Left to be dissatisfied with itself, with France, and with the general course of events; and it relieved its feelings by taking the first opportunity of irritating and humiliating the authorities who were immediately responsible. If this is anything like a true account of the defeat suddenly inflicted on M. Ferry, it certainly does not increase our faith in the aptitude of Frenchmen for free political life.

**THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.**—In France, Italy, Germany, and most other civilised countries, the people are proud of their public monuments, but in England they are as often as not made a target for public ridicule. Perhaps it is because they are so bad. At all events such is the fact. Think of the wearisome amount of wit which has been expended on the Duke of Wellington's effigy at Hyde Park Corner, on the Trafalgar Square fountains, and now on the Temple Bar Memorial. The wit, however, cannot be the index of a very serious amount of public indignation, or its scathing fire would cause the offending objects to vanish. This, however, is not the case. The Iron Duke and the Trafalgar Square "squirts" are still to the fore, and Sir Thomas Chambers's forecast of the permanency of the Temple Bar Memorial will very likely be fulfilled. The truth is that in matters of Art the British public are pretty easily pleased, and they feel that an ugly statue or fountain is better than no statue or fountain at all. In most Continental countries, where Art is not merely talked about, but is really understood by the mass of the people, a thoroughly inartistic public monument, if perchance it were erected, would soon be silently dethroned. In this country the opposition in such cases usually comes from a small minority, who often themselves have little real knowledge of Art, but feel that it looks more knowing to ridicule than to praise. Hence, though their attacks make a noise for a time, they produce no practical effect. The indictment against the Temple Bar Memorial is twofold. It blocks up the roadway, it is alleged, and it is ugly. An arch, we think, spanning the whole extent of the roadway, would for some reasons have been preferable, yet the present monument, now that the casing is removed, occupies scarcely any more space than an ordinary "street-refuge," a convenience much

needed at that particular point; and, as there is room on either side for two vehicles to pass abreast, drivers are not likely to complain. As for the alleged ugliness of the monument, we must frankly confess that, even with the architectural improvements of late years, London buildings are, as a rule, so dull, brown, and monotonous, that one hails any novelty, ugly or pretty, as a relief. Now the much-abused griffin gives the spectator a general sense of exhilaration because he seems so thoroughly alive and kicking. On Lord Mayor's Day we mingled with the crowd several times to hear their opinion, and the general verdict was decidedly favourable. When we read, therefore, in a leading article of one of our contemporaries that the monument is "an ugly German stove capped by a ridiculous brazen Guy," we feel that, for the sake of saying something smart, the ingenious writer is indulging in unwarrantable exaggeration.

**REVOLUTIONARY AGITATION IN RUSSIA.**—The trial of the Nihilists in St. Petersburg has once more called attention to the fact that this party is still a powerful factor in Russian politics. They have not lately been much heard of, but it is well enough known that they have abandoned none of their aims, and that they maintain a strong secret organisation. Whether they seriously intend to take the life of the Czar must, of course, remain uncertain; but there can be no doubt that they do intend, if they can, to overthrow the whole existing system of government. Probably the inclination of most people in England is to condemn them as reckless criminals; but before passing this severe judgment we ought to take into account the circumstances which have called the party into existence, and which maintain its enthusiasm. The methods of administration in Russia are unquestionably about the most corrupt in the world. All classes of officials, from the lowest to the highest, accept bribes; and the unfortunate peasantry, who have enough to do to keep themselves from starvation, must bear the burden of a vast expenditure by which they profit only in name. The Czar makes promises of reform from time to time, but the evil is too gigantic for him to grapple with; so each promise merely stirs a hope which is doomed to be disappointed. Count Melikoff was to achieve wonderful results, but in reality he has done nothing; the overtaxed people are as much taxed as ever, and their resources are wasted in the old way. The Government makes itself still more unpopular by the terrible harshness with which it punishes members of the Nihilist party, many of whom have been condemned to the mines or to the gallows on the most frivolous pretexts. In such a state of society as this revolutionary agitation is inevitable; and a frightful convulsion is, on the whole, more probable than the gradual execution of enlightened schemes of reform.

**STREET LOUNGERS.**—The thoroughfares through which the Lord Mayor's Show passes are always more or less occupied for two or three days before and after the procession by a slow-moving, gaping crowd. On this account it would not be fair to judge at such a time of the ordinary sort of people who occupy the footways of these streets. But has it ever struck any of our older readers that lounging in our main business avenues has greatly increased of late years? The change has been very gradual, and to many, therefore, it may be imperceptible, but it is none the less certain. Thirty or forty years ago one of the most familiar sights which drew the attention of the stranger in London was the double file of anxious-faced, pre-occupied persons (chiefly men) passing swiftly by each other along the footways of Fleet Street and Cheapside. Nowadays, if there is any popular horse-race coming off the busy passenger must go out into the roadway of Fleet Street to avoid the crowd (a most shabby, woe-begone looking lot) assembled in front of certain newspaper offices to wait for the posting of the race telegram. But this is only an occasional blockade. Every day, however, between one and two P.M., the foot pavements of Fleet Street are encumbered by an army of "cloud-compelling" loungers, chiefly, we fancy, gentlemen employed in the adjacent printing offices, who are "doing their weeds" after dinner. Then Cheapside has totally lost the stern business aspect which it once wore. Ladies believe—and possibly with justice—that goods can be purchased cheaper and better in the City than elsewhere, and the City is now exceedingly accessible from the suburbs. Consequently the fair sex, who used to confine their peregrinations to the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, have now spread both into Ludgate Hill and Cheapside. And as, while they are looking into shop windows, persons of the other sex come to look at them, male loungers have increased also. The result is that the old-fashioned man, who comes to the City for business, and desires to go about his business, finds himself hindered, and jostled, and fumigated with tobacco to an irritating degree. If old Sir Peter Laurie, who once valiantly declared that he would put down suicide, could rise from his grave, he would assuredly, within the City boundaries, endeavour to put down street lounging.

**FRENCH INTOLERANCE.**—The monarchical parties in France have been very severe in their criticisms of the ecclesiastical policy of the Republicans. To most Englishmen their criticisms seem to be just, since it is difficult for us to understand why a dominant party should break up religious or any other corporations for no better reason than that it does not agree with their views. At the same time it may be questioned whether the French monarchical parties



Nov. 13, 1880

can condemn the Republicans with a clear conscience. In the "scene" which took place in the Senate at the opening of the Chambers they manifested in an outrageous form the same spirit as that against which they now so loudly declaim. They would scarcely allow M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire to read the Ministerial statement, and when a Republican senator called upon the President to maintain order he was interrupted by the cry, "Wait a bit, and you and yours will have your backs to a wall to stand before a firing party." This exactly expressed the temper which animates all the leading sections of French politicians. Of the virtues of patience and compromise in politics they do not seem to have formed the vaguest conception; each must execute its own schemes in their integrity, or stand aloof and oppose to the uttermost the schemes of every other body of legislators. If peaceful means fail, each in turn begins to think that it must try what can be done by the rifle and the guillotine. It was hoped for some time that M. Gambetta had raised himself above this narrow, dogmatic spirit, and that he would be able to impart his own moderation to his followers; but recent events suggest a doubt whether the world did not too hastily conclude that the change in his methods was more than superficial.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which contains ILLUSTRATIONS relating to MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, with descriptive Letterpress. For binding, sheets must follow in the order of pagination.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

## A NEW STORY,

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

ENTITLED,

## 'THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET,'

BY MESSRS. BECANT AND RICE,

AUTHORS OF

"Ready Money Mortiboy," &amp;c.,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN

THE GRAPHIC, DEC. 4, 1880



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 7.30 BYGONES, by A. W. Pinner. Doors open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORSIKIAN BROTHERS, Saturdays, Nov. 13, 20, and Wednesday Next, Nov. 17, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5 daily. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

BERLIOZ'S FAUST.—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ'S performance of Berlioz's dramatic legend in four parts, FAUST, on SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, NOV. 20, in ST. JAMES'S HALL. Vocalists: Margaret, Miss Mary Davies; Faust, Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mephistopheles, Mr. Santley; Brander, Mr. Pyatt. Band and Chorus of 20 Performers. Conductor, Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductor of the Chorus, Mr. Prant on. To commence at eight.—Sofa stalls, 2s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; back of arena, 3s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell and Co's, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; at Austin's, St. James's Hall; and the usual Agents.

MDLLE. JANOTHA will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 24, to commence at four o'clock.—Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell and Co's, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

THE SEVENTH GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTRIES HUNT BALL (under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, and most noble and distinguished patronage) will be held at the ROYAL PAVILION, Brighton, on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24. The whole of the rooms will be elaborately and beautifully decorated. Tickets only issued on the production of a voucher signed by a lady patroness, steward, or member of the club, of whom a list and full particulars will be sent on application to the Secretary, at 173, Piccadilly. The International Promenade Concert takes place in the Dome the following afternoon.

THOROUGH CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE NEW PROGRAMME PRESENTED BY THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS on the 1st inst., having been received with the warmest marks of approbation BY CROWDED AUDIENCES, EVERY NIGHT DURING THE PAST WEEK, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at 8, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY, at 3 and 8. The New Songs, and the New Musical and Terpsichorean Sketch, entitled THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME. Have proved the greatest successes of the season. The inimitable MOORE, Together with the powerful phalanx of Comedians, Charles Sutton, Walter Howard, John Kemble, Sully, Cheevers, Ernest Linden, all take part in the NEW PROGRAMME. SPECIAL NOTICE. On TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT (Lord Mayor's Day), there will be an Extra Grand Day Performance at 3 o'clock.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. THE TURCOISE RING, Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, THE HAUNTED ROOM, and A FLYING VISIT. Evening Performances, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s.

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DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, next the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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## The Graphic Christmas Number.

## LIST OF COLOURED PICTURES.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS AT THE SQUIRE'S. By E. K. JOHNSON.  
HOME ONCE MORE. By W. SMALL.  
OUR PROZEN-OUT PETS. By S. E. WALLER.  
OUR IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WILL OBLIGE. By J. W. NICOL.  
THE FIRST PARTY—THE INTRODUCTION. By W. L. THOMAS.  
ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY—CHRISTMAS MORNING. By J. CHARLTON.  
IN THE LAP OF LUXURY. By HEYWOOD HARDY.  
TOIL AND PLEASURE. By YEEND KING.

## LIST OF TINTED PICTURES.

CUPID TOBOGGANING. By A. HOPKINS, from a sketch by SYDNEY P. HALL.  
A GOOD SAMARITAN. By MRS. STAPLES (M. ELLEN EDWARDS).  
THE LITTLE MOTHER. By R. BARNES.  
OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS. By J. C. DOLLMAN.  
MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLE—STILL MOUSE HUNTING. By SYDNEY P. HALL.  
THE WYCHDALE STEEPCHASE. By R. CALDECOTT.  
GRANDPAPA'S RECOLLECTIONS. By MISS CASELLA.

NOTICE.—Mr. MILLAIS, having undertaken a commission to paint a picture expressly for this Number, has paid THE GRAPHIC the high compliment of producing "CHERRY RIPE," which is thought by competent judges to be his finest work, and a worthy companion to Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous "Penelope Boothby." The greatest possible pains have been taken to produce a fac-simile of this remarkable work. The plate will measure 33 in. by 22 in., and is printed in fourteen colours.

The letterpress will consist of the following stories:—  
THE INDIAN GOLD MINE. By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. E. WEST.  
THE BABES IN THE WOOD. By ARTHUR LOCKER.  
A NURSERY LAMIA. By F. ANSEY.  
JUDY MCCRANN. By MISS C. J. HAMILTON.  
LORD DOW'S CONCOMBERY. By E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.  
&c., &c., &c.

The Postage of this Number to any part of Great Britain, Europe, United States, and Canada, is 3d.; to China and India, 9d.; and Australia, 1s. It may be interesting at the present time to furnish a few statistics concerning the forthcoming CHRISTMAS NUMBER, as they show that (thanks to the public appreciation) the Proprietors are able to produce something unexampled in the annals of publishing. The following are some of the chief items of expenditure in its production:—  
Artists, Engravers, and Authors, £3,000; Paper, £5,000; Printing and Electrotyping, £6,000.

These figures also deserve attention:—Number of persons employed (many of them for six months in the year), 450; Gross Weight of Paper used for the Number, upwards of 120 tons; Number of Copies printed, 400,000.

NOTE.—As the Plate will be much damaged in transit by post, in single copies, intending purchasers are recommended to order the Number of their regular Newsagent.

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## IRELAND: MR. PARNELL AT LIMERICK

As some account of the general aspect of affairs in Ireland appears in another column, we will here confine ourselves to the subject of our engravings. Mr. Parnell arrived in Limerick on Monday, the 7th inst., when a large Land League demonstration was held, the procession being headed by the members of the Corporation, and the city fire brigade and various local societies taking part. The weather was very wet, but this seemed not to damp the ardour of the patriots, who shouted and cheered as they marched through the streets on the way to the place of meeting, where Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, O'Sullivan, Synan, and O'Shaughnessy made speeches of the customary type, and resolutions pledging the meeting to support the Land League in all its undertakings were carried with unanimity and enthusiasm. On the way back there was more demonstration and shouting, and as the procession passed the statue of O'Connell a posse of mounted demonstrators grouped themselves around the memorial and yelled hideously in honour of the great Agitator of the past. The constabulary were judiciously kept out of sight, though in constant readiness, and the soldiers were of course confined to barracks for the day. In the evening a banquet was given to Mr. Parnell at the Athenæum Club, and next day the Freedom of the City was presented to Mr. Parnell in the Town Hall. The document was enclosed in a handsome casket made from a piece of Irish oak, which had once formed part of the timbers of the old cathedral. It was ornamented with silver, the design being furnished by Mr. O'Shea, a local artist. The military and constabulary were still kept in the background, and the attempt made by the firemen to keep the doors of the Town Hall failed utterly, the mob surging into the building in a way which threatened to result in a dangerous

crush, but fortunately no accident occurred. The presentation was made by the Mayor, and Mr. Parnell, in returning thanks, spoke with much bitter vehemence of the "atmosphere of Westminster," the attempt to corrupt the Irish party, the punishment to be inflicted on backsliders, and the duty of members, if unable to bring about reform, to give up their seats in the British Parliament, and to appeal to the Irish people for instructions as to what future steps should be taken.

## THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT

See next page.

## GENERAL GARIBALDI AT MILAN

A generation ago, when Italy was still "a geographical expression," and when Napoleon III. was all-powerful, there was a strong belief among Italian Liberationists that the Emperor, who was beset by conflicting claims, would do more for Italy if his hand were forced. The attempt of Orsini undoubtedly precipitated the war with Austria, which, in its turn, produced Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition. But Italy was not yet free. She still lacked her capital, and so in 1867 Garibaldi resolved to obtain it for her. This time, however, the Emperor declined to let his hand be forced, his troops under General de Failly attacked the Garibaldians, who had a few days before at Monte Rotondo beaten the Papal forces at Mentana, killed a number of them, and wounded their commander. But this defeat was reversed three years later, when, the once-puissant Emperor being a Prussian prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, General Cadorna took possession of Rome in the name of King Victor Emmanuel.

The people of Milan have erected a monument to the memory of those who fell at Mentana, and General Garibaldi, though feeble and ill, felt that his presence on this occasion was a sacred duty, and accordingly came to the inauguration on the 3rd inst. He appeared in an open carriage, which was taken on to the platform, the Corps of Engineers having made an opening in the wall of the Palace. The dense throng with which the Piazza was filled saluted Garibaldi with ringing cheers and waving handkerchiefs. All went off quietly, partly, perhaps, because the Government had wisely left the preservation of order to the municipal authorities. Otherwise there must have been in the proceedings a good deal which was distasteful both to Moderates and Clericals, for Garibaldi's speech which was read by Major Canzio, was pretty strongly worded, nor were Messrs. Rochefort and Blanqui, who appeared as representatives of France, likely to be behind their illustrious brother-revolutionist in energy of expression.

## "A DISARRANGEMENT IN BLUE"

MR. PERCY MACQUOID'S picture is of course intended to be a good-natured skit on the works of a certain illustrious but rather eccentric master of the brush. Its monochromatic peculiarities—that is to say, its remarkable blueness—are naturally unrepresentable in a black-and-white engraving, but otherwise the fun of the scene is fully maintained, and the picture might be rechristened "The Dethroned Beauty." For ourselves, we fancy that we should not much like to trust these dogs after such an outrageous escapade as this. To the casual observer a lay-figure looks very like a real person, and supposing next time the dogs should make a similar assault on a living lady! But, maybe, the canine tribe, like Mr. Carlyle, detests shams, and its representatives are here merely putting into practice the philosophy taught by the Sage of Chelsea.

## THE DISASTER AT NAINI THAL

We have already in previous issues given views of the scene of this catastrophe, together with some account of the sad event, and the gallant efforts of the survivors to rescue those who might possibly be found alive, and to recover the bodies of the dead from the enormous mass of debris beneath which they had been buried with such appalling suddenness. This week we give portraits of four of the unfortunate victims of the calamity. Major Martin Morphy, of the 40th Regiment, had been in the army since July, 1858. He served in the New Zealand war of 1860-1, and also in the campaign of 1863-5, and was present at the attack on the Gate Pah, for which he was awarded a medal. He was promoted Major in April of last year. Colonel F. Sherwood Taylor, R.E., who was killed by the second landslide whilst actively working to avert the danger that threatened the hotel and its inmates, was the fifth and youngest son of the late J. L. Taylor, Esq., Civil Architect to the Admiralty. He entered the Corps of Royal Engineers (late Bengal Engineers) in 1847, received his commission as captain in August, 1858, became lieutenant-colonel in January, 1871, and colonel by brevet in January, 1876. He held the rank of Officiating Chief Engineer of the Second Class in the railway branch of the Public Works Department, and was Consulting Engineer to the Government of India for guaranteed railways. Mrs. Morphy, wife of Major Morphy, and Mrs. Turnbull (wife of Captain Turnbull, 40th Regiment) were sisters.—Our portraits are from photographs:—Major and Mrs. Morphy by J. W. Clarke, 7, Abbey Hill, Bury St. Edmund's; Mrs. Turnbull by J. C. Twyman and Son, High Street, Ramsgate; and Col. Taylor by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

## THE PLAYERS OF THE "AGAMEMNON"

The rendering of the "Agamemnon" by Oxford undergraduates at Balliol College, proved so great a success that three performances of Aeschylus' great tragedy are to be given at St. George's Hall, on December 16th, 17th, and 18th, by the same gentlemen. We illustrated and described the performance in our issue for June 26th, and we now need only state that the cast remains the same, Clytemnestra being taken by Mr. F. R. Benson, of New College; Agamemnon by Mr. W. N. Bruce, of Balliol; Cassandra by Mr. G. P. Lawrence, C.C.C.; Egisthus by Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, of New College; the Watchman by Mr. H. L. Rashdall, of New College; and the Herald by Mr. J. A. Fort, of New College; while the chorus of Argive Elders are formed of Messrs. A. O. Perkins (New College), M. T. Tatham (Balliol), A. M. Mackinnon (Trinity), C. Lowry (C.C.C.), M. C. Bickersteth (New College), J. R. Rodd (Balliol), J. T. A. Haines (Balliol), C. M. Smith (New College), J. A. Tait (Oriel), E. K. Douglas (New College), T. S. Pearson (New College), C. Spring Rice (Balliol), B. Eastwood (New College), and J. Marriott (New College). Mr. F. R. Benson is the Manager; and the scenery has been designed by Mr. A. S. Benson, of New College. The text of the play, as before, will be that of Hermann. The costumes, a portion of which have been designed by Mr. Burne Jones, are thoroughly Hellenic in character, the masks, however being omitted, while the music for the Chorus which was so highly praised as completely appropriate in its interpretation of alternate joy and despair, is by Mr. Parratt of Magdalen. Any net profits will be devoted to charitable purposes.—Our engraving represents the players in their respective costumes, and is from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Oxford.

## THE KURDISH INVASION OF PERSIA—TABREEZ

THE rising of the Kurdish tribes and their expedition into the north-west corner of Persia has once more drawn attention to one of the fairest portions of the Shah's territory, a district which Russophobists are wont to think the Muscovite covets for himself as another step on the way to Herat and India. The province in question, Azerbaijan, is bounded on the west by Turkish Turkestan, and itself contains a large proportion of Persian Kurds. These appear to have joined their brethren across the frontier, and, under the leadership of Abdullah (or Obeidullah) Khan, to be

(Continued on page 470)



### THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT

IN American Presidential Elections, a dark horse not unfrequently wins, and, up to the time of the Republican Convention at Chicago last summer, the name of Garfield had scarcely been mentioned on this side of the Atlantic. Even after the voting in the Convention had begun, Mr. Garfield's chances seemed to be of the slenderest, but presently, to the surprise of everybody except the astute politicians who "run" the electioneering machine, he came to the front, and was pitted against General Hancock as a candidate for the blue ribbon of American public life.

Most people expected that the Republicans would win at the recent election, but few thought they would win so easily. We commented on this subject last week, and therefore need not again enter into details, but there can be little doubt that one cause of the decisiveness of the Republican victory was distrust of the South. There was an uneasy feeling that, with the Democrats in power, the South might succeed in regaining its ancient supremacy, and this uneasiness was aggravated by the utterance on the part of several eminent Southern statesmen of imprudently frank speeches. It is not altogether reassuring for the future tranquillity of the United States that the frontier of demarcation between Republicans and Democrats should be almost as geographical now as it was in 1860; in other words, that a solid South should be confronted by a solid North, only, now that slavery is dead, there is no bone of contention worth fighting for.

The early career of President Garfield resembles that of President Lincoln, and it is an additional coincidence that he bears the name of Abraham. His parents, who came from Massachusetts, settled on a small farm in Cuyahogan County, Ohio, at a place named Orange, where their son, James Abraham, was born, November 19th, 1831. As a lad, he worked on the farm, and then became a mule-driver on the tow-path of the Ohio Canal, where he soon rose to the post of steersman. From a child he showed great eagerness for the acquisition of learning, and, being compelled to return home by a temporary attack of illness, his abilities were recognised by a schoolmaster, who persuaded him to begin a regular course of education. This was only accomplished by great labour and self-denial; at one time he worked as a carpenter, at another he insured his life, and borrowed money on the policy, to defray his expenses. His reward was that, about 1856, he returned to the College where he had been educated as Professor of Greek and Latin, and shortly afterwards he



GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD  
PRESIDENT ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

became its President. Such changes are more possible in America than here. Fancy a bargee, who had been wont go up and down the Isis at Oxford, becoming in a few years President of Magdalen College! The rich endowments of Oxford probably hinder rather than facilitate such a transformation. To return to President Garfield. In 1859 he was elected to the Senate of the Ohio State Legislature, and two years later, when the terrible war began, he, like thousands of others among his countrymen who had hitherto practised the arts of peace, became a soldier. He distinguished himself especially at the battle of Chickamauga, after which he was made a Major-General, but in 1863 he resigned his commission, as he had been elected to Congress. In the Legislature he soon took a prominent position, and since Mr. Blaine's elevation to the Upper Chamber he has been the Republican leader in the House of Representatives. It will be seen that General Garfield, though he has seen a good deal of real service, is not like General Hancock, who was educated at West Point, a professional soldier.

In 1857 General Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, by whom he has had seven children, five of whom survive. Mrs. Garfield was a fellow student with her husband in his early struggles to obtain instruction, and is endowed with great intellectual power and strength of character.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA with Princess Stéphanie of Belgium are being carefully arranged, even to the most minute particulars. Leaving her home on February 9th, the Princess will go first to Salzburg, and either here or at Prague she will be formally naturalised, and given up to her adopted country. The formula will be strictly the same as that followed on the marriage of her mother, the present Queen of the Belgians, who herself was an Austrian. The bride will then stay at the Chateau of Schönbrunn, and will be present at a ball given by the town of Vienna on the 12th, when there will be representations of a Belgian and an Austrian village wedding. The Prince and Princess will enter Vienna in state on the 14th, passing under triumphal arches and through garlanded streets—one of which is to be named after the Princess; and the marriage will take place on the following day. Commemorative medals will be struck both in Vienna and Pesth, for the Hungarian capital is preparing an equally grand reception for later on, and will give the bride a magnificent jewelled tiara designed in old Hungarian style.

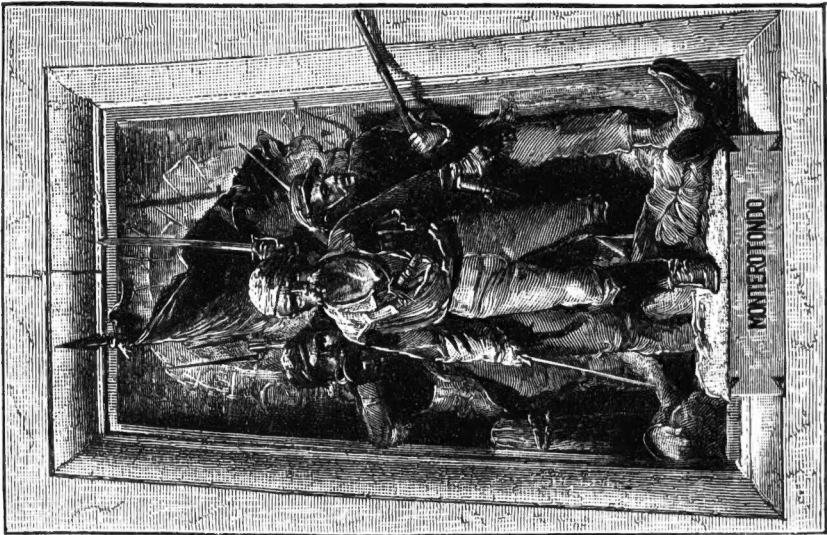


1. Our Artist at Limerick: "Under Observation."—2. A Landlord taking a Peaceful After-Breakfast Pipe on his Lawn.—3. Presentation of the Freedom of the City of Limerick to Mr. Parnell, M.P.

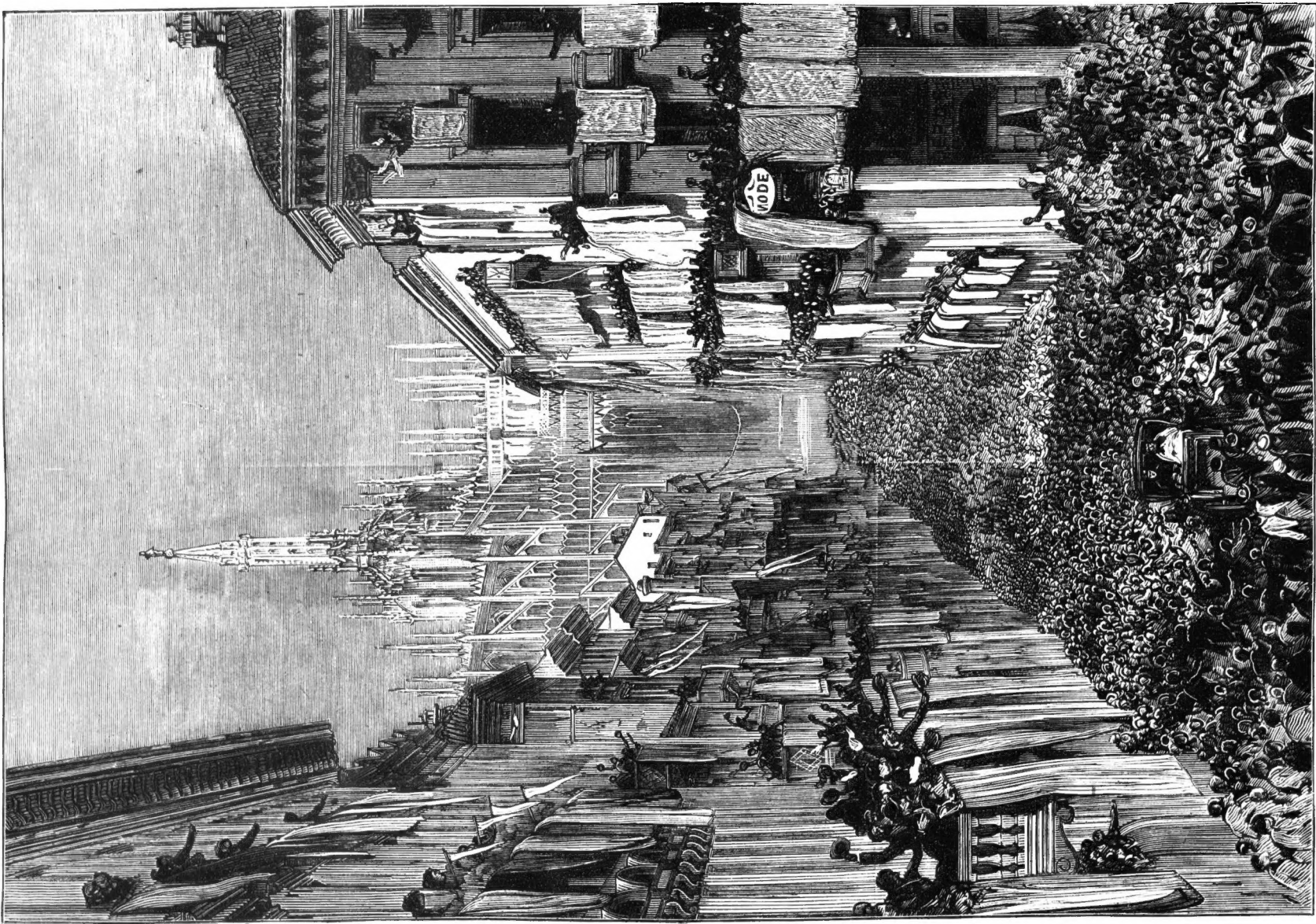




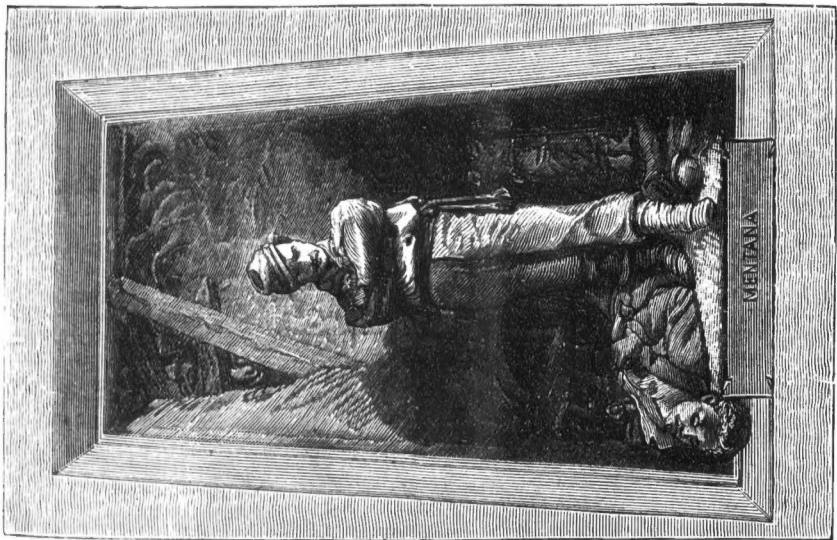
BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE CAPITOLINE WOLF



BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE BATTLE OF MONTE ROTONDO, OCT. 27, 1867



ARRIVAL OF THE GENERAL—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN



BAS RELIEF DEPICTING THE BATTLE OF MENTANA



THE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF MENTANA, NOV. 3, 1867

GENERAL GARIBALDI AT MILAN—THE MENTANA COMMEMORATION



following the example of other races farther northwards, and clamouring for their own autonomy. Abdullah Khan is a man of no common ability, and has already inflicted considerable injury on the Turks, for which he has been rewarded by the Osmanieh and a special mission. He is regarded by his followers as a great saint, and in the Mahomedan calendar ranks after the Caliph and the Sherif of Mecca. He is now invading Persia in considerable force, has been besieging Urumiah, and threatening Tabreez, the capital of the province, and one of the most important commercial centres of the kingdom. This town is the ancient Tauris, the capital of Tiridates III. of Armenia, and in 791 A.D. was enlarged and beautified by Zobadiah, the favourite wife of Haroun al Raschid. It is situated in a fertile plain, bounded on the northern and southern sides by ranges of high and barren hills. The district produces abundant crops of grain, and contains extensive plantations of all species of fruit trees, irrigated by *kenesis*, or subterranean canals. There are no buildings of note in the town, which, however, is walled, and contains an old castle. The houses are built of sun-burnt brick, but are very low, on account of the earthquakes which have so frequently caused great devastation. Indeed, Tabreez seems to have been founded under an unlucky star, for it has been several times attacked and taken by the Turks, while some years since, when the value of its exports had reached a million, an epidemic of cholera broke out and so injured trade that the exports fell to 350,000*l*. The manufactures exported are mainly cotton and silk stuffs, rice, galls, and dried fruits being also sent to Russia. The population is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000.

#### "A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS"

A STORY in Four Parts, by Julian Hawthorne, is continued on page 481.

#### THE LADIES' GALLERY, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

IN the Parliament House, Wellington, New Zealand, there is, as in the English House of Commons, a Ladies' Gallery, which is always well attended, and popularity was given to it by the frequent attendance of the charming daughters and wife of the late Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who is now Governor of Cape Colony. Ladies take their various needlework, and sit and listen to the oratory of their husbands. Not a few break the tedium of long Opposition speeches by burying themselves in the pages of the latest novel from Europe, which they never forget to carry in their workbaskets, and, sad to say, the light and amusing literature often engrosses their attention more than the robust voices and eloquent gestures of their spouses in the broil of argument beneath them. Not only do the wives and daughters of the Pakehas sit up aloft, and encourage with their sweet smiles and appreciative murmurs the champions of the respective parties in the lists below, but the dusky faces of Maori matrons and maidens who have long ago left their blankets and ear-ornaments—the shark's tooth mounted in red sealing-wax, and the pendant of jade—in the far-away hills and plains of the "King Country," and now sit in the pretty fashions of their fairer sisters, listening to the civilising influences of a Parliamentary debate. As a proof how beneficial is the intercourse of their white sisters to the Maori maidens the following little story will somewhat illustrate. A young lady of Maori blood and of great wealth—a golden shepherdess—suspecting the mercenary intentions of a young Englishman who had written her a proposal of marriage, sent him by return of post a cheque for 2,000*l*., adding that she was sorry to hear that he was in distress, and that he need not bother her again.

#### AN INCLINED PLANE ON THE MORRIS CANAL, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

THIS canal connects the Delaware and Hudson Rivers, is 102 miles long, and has a total rise and fall in its course of 1,674 feet, the summit level at 63 miles being 914 feet above Jersey City and 760 feet above Easton, the two respective termini. The navigation working over these varying levels is passed through twenty-three inclined planes and twenty-three locks. Our engraving shows a view of one of these inclined planes at Newark. At the summit of the plane is an incline falling in the opposite direction, with a grade of one in twenty to a depth of five feet below the water level. A double track of rails is laid down, and on these run the trucks upon which the boats are floated previous to being lifted. The trucks are jointed in the centre to accommodate the boats, which are built in two sections to facilitate their passage over the planes, and are drawn and lowered by means of a rope attached to a cylindrical drum worked by a turbine. These inclines are stated to work with the greatest efficiency and economy. *Engineering*, from which we have taken the above details, tells us that a reduction of 60 per cent. of time is effected in the passage of boats from end to end of the canal, thus saving a considerable proportion of the water which would be required for lockage. By this system there is absolutely no time lost in raising the boats from one level to another, for as they are lifted they are drawn forward at the rate of four or five miles an hour, which is about the average rate of travel throughout.

#### A BURMESE PLAY

THESE plays are usually performed during the ceremony of boring ears, which is very common in Burmah, but on the occasion here represented the play was performed in the daytime, and is called *Pagydine*, or Banquet. The invited guests come in splendid dresses adorned with jewels and precious stones. The ladies especially for some time beforehand purchase or hire everything they can to enhance their charms, especially ornaments for the hair, such as combs of gold, ivory, or ebony, while English artificial flowers are much in request. For the reception of his guests, who usually exceed a hundred in number, the host erects in the public highway in front of his house a booth, decorated in beautiful style, and fitted up with every convenience. The guests are usually quite as much the objects of curiosity as the performers. It seems that these entertainments are within the power of Burmese of respectable means because the guests have the agreeable habit (which might be transplanted in England with advantage) of coming with gifts of money in their hands.—Our engraving is from a sketch sent us by Mr. Moungh Sor Moungh, *Burmah Herald Press*, 62, Canal Street, Rangoon.

#### "THE STORY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS"

MR. STANILAND'S interesting picture recalls Goldsmith's description of the broken soldier, in "The Deserted Village," who Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won. But here, the warrior, who is fighting his battles o'er again, is still young and stalwart. Perhaps, seated beside this Anglo-Saxon Othello, there is a Desdemona who is devouring his discourse with a greedy ear, and who inclines to love the soldier for the dangers he has passed. We remember a pretty poem, by Mr. Frederick Locker, called "The Victoria Cross," wherein a veteran thus decorated is smitten by the charms of the nymph who presides over the distribution of the waters at Tunbridge Wells. "She took the brave soldier," says the poet, "for better or worse." And again, speaking of their home, he adds,—

And here she sits tenderly twined her affection  
Around a true soldier who bled for his Queen.

Some such episode may not unlikely grow out of the soldier's story in the picture before us.

#### MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED, II.

See pp. 490, 491.



**LORD MAYOR'S DAY.**—The new Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., who in accordance with custom had on Monday attended at the Guildhall, and made the usual declaration on oath, promising to faithfully and sincerely discharge the duties of his office, had a splendid day on Tuesday for his "show," and was well received by the crowds which gathered all along the route, through the City and to Westminster. There was plenty of decoration too, especially in the Coleman Street Ward, of which he is Alderman, and the procession itself was as gorgeous as any of past years, one novel and picturesque feature being a number of fire-engines, and some 200 firemen, volunteers and professionals, many of whom came from provincial towns. After leaving Palace Yard the procession, which had been joined by Lady Truscott (acting Lady Mayoress), passed over Westminster Bridge and through part of the borough of Lambeth, of which the Lord Mayor is one of the Parliamentary representatives, and returned to the Guildhall by way of Blackfriars Bridge. At night the streets both in the City and the West End were thronged with people intent on seeing the illuminations in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. Many noisy roughs mingled with the better behaved folk, but no serious disturbance or accident occurred, and there was a noticeable diminution in the number of "squirts" and "back-scratchers." Many of the illuminations and devices were very brilliant and elaborate, but the effect of all was sadly marred by frequent gusts of wind.

**THE MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.**—Most of Her Majesty's Ministers were present at the Lord Mayor's banquet on Tuesday, and the Premier's speech was of course, the event of the evening. Lord Chancellor Selborne's remark that one of the first, greatest, and most paramount duties of every Government was "to maintain the authority of law with firmness, steadiness, and without respect to any man," was a fitting preface to Mr. Gladstone's carefully guarded utterance with regard to Ireland, which he said was now punishing herself and not England. The bounty of Providence had bestowed on her an abundant harvest, but certain influences had come upon the people to prevent the happiness which it was hoped might have resulted from it. Not only landlords, but occupiers, and those who wished to become occupiers, were obstructed by menace, intimidation, and crime from exercising the rights that belonged to every citizen; and, anxious as the Government was to be associated with the improvement of the Land Laws, they recognised the priority of one duty above every other—that of enforcing the law for the purpose of securing order, and protecting life and property—to look to the law as it stands, to ascertain what its fair and just administration means; and should it be necessary to ask for an increase of power. Although they would never anticipate such a contingency, nor imagine it to exist until it was proved by the clearest demonstration, yet if that contingency were realised, they would not shrink from the obligation it would create. The Premier then alluded in turn to various items of foreign policy, but this part of his speech was received with comparative indifference. Among the other speakers at the Banquet were Lords Hartington and Spencer, and Sir William Harcourt.

**MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.**, was present on Tuesday at the civic banquet given at Birmingham on the occasion of his brother's re-election as Mayor of the borough. His speech referred mainly to the Board of Trade, of which he is President, and, which he said was not likely ever to be false to its history and tradition, or to be induced by specious reasoning to return to Protection, though it came to us disguised as "reciprocity" or "countervailing duties." At the close of his speech, Mr. Chamberlain remarked that official experience had convinced him that the post of a Minister of the Crown was not in any case a bed of roses. He could not be under any circumstances an idle man; least of all if he happened to occupy a position under a Government the chief of whom should be Mr. Gladstone, whose energy, application, and industry were perhaps even more remarkable than his genius, and at least as difficult to imitate.

**THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.**—Although the Government prosecutions seemed to have checked agrarian crime for a while, accounts of fresh outrages and threatening notices and letters are now coming in from numerous parts of the country. The Land League orators, too, appear to have in some degree recovered from their temporary panic, and some of the speeches reported this week are full of the most bitter and violent invective. Mr. Parnell, who professes to believe that he is watched by detectives, whom he threatens to have thrown into the river, spoke on Sunday at Athlone, calling on the people to tell the "weak, vacillating, and cowardly Government," that they were determined to hold their homesteads until they had undone the conquest of 700 years back; and he went on to declare that the Government had offered a reward of 500*l*. to any one who would "swear away the lives of men who had been arrested for a murder," and had instructed the police to "abduct" six young girls, and carry them off to Dublin, there to be "insulted and demoralised" by the police. Mr. Dillon, M.P., too, advised his hearers never to give up the battle until the whole institution of landlordism is swept away; and Mr. Boyton, speaking the same day at Newcastle West, Limerick County, said that nothing had ever yet been got from the British Government, except by force, and darkly hinted that Mr. Parnell, "the first man of the century that the intelligent British Government feared," had at his back a reserve which they little dreamed of. ("The Irish Americans!" interpolated one of the listeners). The Land League has issued a manifesto calling upon the people to subscribe to the Defence Fund, and the Irish Home Rulers of London have issued a similar appeal; the response, however, has not as yet been of a very marked or enthusiastic character. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell has withdrawn his application for admission to the League in consequence of the tacit approval accorded by the members to the recent speech of Mr. Redpath in reference to the Queen. The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has issued "a few words of counsel and warning" to the brethren, asking them not to stand idly looking on whilst murder, outrage, and insult are practised as the result of platform teaching, but to come forward in their strength and pronounce one stern declaration from every Protestant hearth and home—"proclaim to the world that you consider the maintenance of the rights of property, the payment of just debts, and, above all, the continuance of the Union as indispensable to the true welfare and interests of Ireland." The project of sending a force of armed men to help in getting in the crops on Captain Boycott's farm has been prohibited by Mr. Forster, who has, however, offered to protect a smaller body of volunteer labourers provided they go unarmed. Heavy reinforcements of troops have been sent to Ballinrobe and Claremorris as a precaution against any possible disturbance. The whole district is in a state of intense excitement bordering on civil war. It is stated that the Dublin tailors are now executing numerous orders for "armourplated ulsters."

**GUY FAWKES' DAY** was this year celebrated in the customary fashion, processions of masquers, bonfires, and fireworks being the order of the day at many places in the provinces, notably at Lewes, Brighton, Exeter, and Dorchester. In London the Guys carried round the streets represented the Rev. T. P. Dale, Messrs. Parnell

and Healy, the Basutos, the Sultan, the Czar, the Pope, King Theebaw, Lord Beaconsfield, and other notabilities and notoriety. In some places the displays excited opposition, and resulted in some rioting, which was, however, quickly suppressed, and very few charges were brought before the magistrates. At Exeter, where last year the attempt to suppress the celebration resulted in a riot and the calling out of the military, the Watch Committee decided to allow the celebration if the bonfires were confined to the Cathedral Yard, and everything passed off without disturbance or arrest. At Oxford and Cambridge the undergraduates were confined to their colleges, and, though some few arrests were made for disorderly conduct, nothing of a serious nature occurred.

**THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL**, which was uncovered on Thursday last week, as we stated in our last issue, was on the same day again swathed in canvas, and the announcement that Mr. Bedford would himself "dedicate it to observation" on Saturday night, "after the traffic had ceased," caused a great crowd to assemble about midnight. Nothing was then done, however, but on Monday Prince Leopold performed the ceremony, the proceedings being conducted almost in dumb show in consequence of the storm of hisses and groans directed at the promoters, mingled with a few cheers for His Royal Highness, who seemed to be at a loss to understand the humour of the crowd, and was doubtless glad enough when the brief ceremony was over. We have already given an engraving and detailed description of the "Memorial" (*Graphic*, Oct. 9), which has since Monday been guarded by a posse of policemen.

**A NEW C.B.**—Mr. Henry Doyle, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, has been appointed a Commander of the Bath in recognition of his services in that office, which he has held since 1869.

**THE SEAHAM COLLIERY EXPLOSION.**—The Home Secretary has directed that samples of the burnt and unburnt dust found in the Seaham Pit after the recent explosion shall be subjected to analysis and experiment, with a view of forming opinions on theories advanced that coal dust under certain conditions may contain explosive matter, and be a primary cause of explosions. The result is likely to open out a new and valuable field of mining science.

**THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY** held the opening meeting of its winter session on Monday, when Mr. Joseph Thomson read a paper descriptive of the East African Expedition sent out by the Society in 1878 under the late Mr. Keith Johnston. At the next meeting Sir Bartle Frere is to speak on the geography and temperature of South Africa, and on future evenings Sir Richard Temple will give an address on Lower India, and Mr. Leigh Smith will describe his recent voyage to the Arctic regions.

**SIR BARTLE FRERE** was entertained on Saturday at a banquet, at which Sir Richard Temple presided, and which was attended by a number of Indian officers, civil and military. The Chairman, premising that the occasion was a non-political one, paid a high tribute to the long public services of Sir Bartle Frere in different parts of the world, and Sir Bartle, in reply, said that the spirit of patriotism which placed duty above party and above self-interest had animated him in the discharge of his duties.

**PRINCE LEOPOLD** on Saturday dined with the Company of Vintners, and took up the Freedom and Livery of the Company, which they invited him to do not less than six years ago. His health was proposed by the late Lord Mayor (Sir F. Truscott), who is the Master of the Company, and His Royal Highness made a graceful and complimentary speech in reply. The Duke of Cambridge responded for the Army and Sir H. Keppel for the Navy.

**MR. ADAM** was on Wednesday entertained at a private banquet at the Devonshire Club, at which several members of the Council were present. The Marquis of Huntly presided.

**ELECTION NEWS.**—Mr. Rathbone, the late member for Liverpool, is the selected Liberal candidate for the vacancy in the representation of Carnarvonshire, caused by the elevation of Mr. Watkin Williams to the Bench. He will be opposed by Mr. Nanney.—Mr. Bruce, M.P. for Portsmouth, has denied the rumour that it was his intention to resign.—At Wexford Mr. J. E. Redmond, son of the late member, has withdrawn his candidature in favour of Mr. T. M. Healey, the Parnellite, whom the local Home Rule Club have pledged themselves to use every means to return "as a protest against the Government prosecutions."

**TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION** was on Tuesday established between Manchester and Liverpool, and the Mayors of the two cities exchanged congratulatory messages.

**THE PROVINCIAL MAYORS.**—From the list of the newly-appointed Mayors, elected in provincial boroughs, which appeared in the daily papers on Wednesday, it appears that 120 are Liberals and only 60 Conservatives, a fact which is not without significance, though some of them may possibly have been chosen on purely non-political grounds.



**VEGETABLE FARMING.**—At a recent auction at Penzance the freehold estate of Polgreen, area ninety-three acres, was sold for 7,550*l*. An adjoining lot, area nine and a-half acres, was sold for 1,000*l*. These prices represent forty-five years' purchase on the present rental. The land is devoted to growing potatoes and brocoli.

**LORD BLANTYRE** has just sent an old tenant of his a cheque for 94*l*. 9*s*. 7*d*. in consideration of the bad times through which Mr. Elliot has farmed the Abymains estate. With landlords like Lord Blantyre all the efforts of land law agitators to sow enmity between owner and tenant must be in vain, at least in Great Britain. As to Ireland, no one can say, for Lord Ardilaun, the most princely of Irish public benefactors, has to be guarded by the police from the rifles of the men he has more than once saved from starvation.

**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** have decided to organise a competitive trial of sheaf-binding machines for next year, and to offer two medals for the best and second-best machines adopting a binding material other than wire. This is a very useful competition for the Society to get up, and they are also to be thanked by agriculturists for endorsing the complaints of the Cumberland authorities as to the importation of pleuro-pneumonia. Diseased cattle are said to have been detected at Newcastle and Wakefield, as well as at Liverpool and Sillioth.

**NORTH-EAST BY EAST.**—American prophecies and glycerine barometers have added new terrors to meteorology; but it has been reserved to the *Standard* to discover a difference between two winds which the ordinary observer has hitherto imagined to be exceedingly alike. "The north-east wind," says our contemporary, "is peculiarly bracing and healthy, reaching us as it does directly from Spitzbergen across a great tract of open ocean." It comes with a "keen sharp shock of welcome," invigorating with "the ozone it has gathered on its long sea voyage." After this who would imagine that the east wind—a few points nearer the south—is an epitome of evil? Yet "When the wind is from the east, man, animals, and plants suffer alike, and even the strongest of us feel its depressing influence." In future the weather-wise will have to do away with



Nov. 13, 1880

the normal weathercock of four points, seeing that between two of them may be the boundary which separates the health-giving zephyr from the malignant gale.

AGRICULTURAL LABOUR, in the North of England at all events, would now seem to be in excess of the demand, for at the Newcastle hiring fair the wages given to women for the half-year ranged from ninety shillings to 7*l.*, with an average of about 5*l.* 10*s.*, while men took from 7*l.* 10*s.* to 12*l.*, the average being about 9*l.* 10*s.*, while lads got about 6*l.* 10*s.* A large number of men and women remained unengaged. The Agricultural Labourers' Union, after absorbing about 80 per cent. of the labourers' subscriptions in "working expenses," has found itself quite unequal to the task of reversing the ordinary laws of supply and demand. This was pointed out from the first, but interested agitators denounced the notion as an argument of those who wanted to "oppress the poor."

Snow still rests on the Yorkshire wolds and along the Cheviots, and the fall coming so early in the season many shepherds have been taken unawares, with the result of considerable numbers of sheep being lost upon the hills. A man has also been found dead in the snow.

THE WILTS AND HANTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE has commenced the winter term with a large increase in the number of its students, and we believe the building will shortly be enlarged. The engagement of Mr. Charles Curtis, the author of a valuable work on "Estate Management," to lecture on that subject, has decidedly added to the success of the institution by attracting would-be land agents and surveyors, but we hope Professor Wrightson will always maintain the pre-eminent importance of purely agricultural training. All country occupations in their place; but farming, first.

WILTSHIRE.—A new railway from Andover to Cricklade and Cirencester is likely to be commenced with strong local support.

EXTRAORDINARY TITHE.—We believe that a Bill will be brought into Parliament next February dealing with this subject. It will be backed by Mr. Inderwick, Member for Rye, a Liberal, and by all the Conservative members for Kent. The Bill will authorise the granting of easy loans to landowners, and will compel the tithe receiver to sell at regular redemption rate. Thus the landowner will be encouraged and enabled to let his land extraordinary tithe free. We think such a statute is much needed, and would prove a material benefit to farmers and landowners. The leading idea is fair, and opposed to confiscation, and the measure should have an easy passage through the House.

THE WEALD.—Many of us have been wont to regard the Weald of Kent as an unusually favoured agricultural district, where the best style of English farmer flourished and grew fat. But what does Mr. Evershed tell us in his recent address to the Farmers' Club? In the Weald he says rents seldom exceed 25*s.* per acre, and sometimes are as low as 12*s.* Not many years ago the labour bill cost about 30*s.* an acre, it thence travelled to 40*s.*, and is now on the road to 50*s.* The wheat crop however, which, when 30*s.* an acre was paid for the labour, was worth 200*s.* an acre, now barely yields 140*s.* an acre. Corn-growing must be given up in the Weald. Permanent pastures, milk, butter, and grass fed beef and mutton must now be tried, for to these importation has not presented its ultimatum.

ANGLERS' DINNER.—The recent Anglers' Dinner at the Bridge House Hotel, London, was a great success. Sir Henry Peck, Bart., M.P., occupied the chair, and he was supported by Mr. Maclaren, M.P., Messrs. J. Sprechley, A. Jardine, H. L. Rolfe, R. Ghurney, J. P. Wheelton, L. Bonvoisin, P. Green, T. Hoole, and many other well-known anglers and angling authorities. Altogether 450 dined together; and the speeches that followed were enthusiastically received, especially the forcible and practical address of Sir Henry Peck.

KENT TROUT AND SALMON.—The Board of Conservators for the Kent, Bela, Leven, and Duddon fishing district have just issued a list of holders of trout and salmon licenses during the year, from which list we gather that 1,538 trout and 145 salmon licenses have been taken out. The day licenses have numbered 200 for trout and two only for the salmon. In both cases licenses for the whole district were more commonly issued than partial licenses.

TROUT FOR THE THAMES.—The Caversham Trout Nursery has been greatly improved during the present year. A considerable length of the stream has been raised above risk of flood, and covered with galvanised netting as protection against birds. A hundred fine yearling trout from Wycombe have just been added to the nursery, which received in the spring 3,000 fry from Uxbridge.

BARBEL.—Next to the lordly salmon, the barbel of all other fresh-water fish affords most sport to the angler. So says the *Fishing Gazette*, and as it gives a long description of the Thames, we suppose it means to recommend that form of angling. It certainly wants recommending, for, unless told to do so, we wonder at any one sitting down to hours' waiting for the bites of a hideous leather-mouthed fish which has to be angled for with a rope affixed to a clothes-prop, and which when caught and cooked tastes like boiled cardboard, slightly flavoured with paraffin.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Curling in Scotland has begun at a very early date for that winter amusement. The first match of the season was played at Aberdeen ten days ago.—The famous Buxted Elm has at last fallen. It was sixty-five feet high, and measured forty feet round the stem.—At Uckfield, in Sussex, it snowed heavily on the 25th October, and on the 22nd October ripe wild strawberries were found on a bank.—An 18lb. pike has been taken in the Canal Basin at Chichester.—Two spoonbills have recently been shot, one at Shoreham and the other at Littlehampton.—A shore lark and a male surf scoter have been shot near Brighton.

## MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY

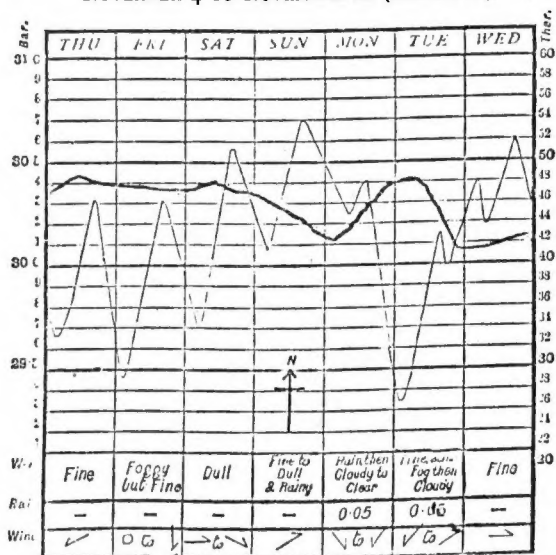
THE sixteenth Annual Exhibition at this Gallery suffers nothing by comparison with its predecessors, the drawings, both English and foreign, being for the most part well selected, and good examples of the styles of their respective authors. In his picture of an Arab chief crossing the desert on a camel, called "War," for instance, Mr. Carl Haag is seen to unusual advantage; it is long since he has exhibited anything so strong in characterisation, or so well balanced in composition and colour. Another striking and apparently truthful scene of Oriental life is that depicted by G. Visgo in his large picture representing "Pilgrims Departing for Mecca." The figures are well grouped, and, as well as the architectural features of the background, are very picturesque in character. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its brilliant illumination and the perfect harmony which exists between the different elements of the composition. Near this is one of the best examples of the work of Fortuny that we remember to have seen. There is no especial interest in the subject, which consists only of "A Musketeer" of the seventeenth century, but the technical qualities of the picture are of a very high order; of its vigorous design, of its subdued splendour of colour, and its facile, but firm, execution it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. We look for no charm of colour in the works of M. Gérôme, but his drawing of "Dante," the design of which has already been familiarised by photographs, is more sickly in tone and more crude than even his oil pictures. Mr. Birket Foster's picture of a group of children watching a basket-maker at work is full of carefully-studied detail, but it is poor in tone and spotty in effect. With all its shortcomings, it is, however, infinitely preferable to the entirely conventional, scenic, and artificial landscape composition, by Mr. T. M. Richardson, which hangs near it.

By Mr. J. Aumonier there is a large "River Scene," representing a wide expanse of country, remarkable for the admirable way in which the impression of space is rendered, as well as for its sober harmony and truthful gradations of colour.

Mr. T. Collier's fresh and breezy view of "Arundel," Mr. E. A. Waterlow's glowing and harmonious "Evening," Mr. T. Lloyd's "Farmyard," and Mr. T. Smart's "Scotch Lake" are among the best of the remaining landscapes.

MURDER AND MANSLAUGHTER.—Of all the fine-drawn distinctions which lawyers love to haggle over and dispute about, one of the most difficult of comprehension to the minds of ordinary laymen is that which is supposed to mark the legal boundary between manslaughter and murder. The first is broadly defined as the killing of any person without deliberate intention, whilst the second is held to be the taking of human life "of malice aforethought." There are, of course, plenty of instances in which the circumstances connected with the crime leave no room for doubt as to the category in which it should be placed, but others occur only too frequently in which it becomes extremely difficult to make up one's mind upon the matter, and in some the strict interpretation of the law jars very harshly upon the moral sense. A remarkable instance of this may be drawn from a careful comparison of two cases which have this week been dealt with in the Assize Courts. At Leeds a poor girl named Pickering, who, though only now nineteen, became a wife some three years ago and a mother soon afterwards, was arraigned for the murder of her child. It was shown that her husband, after ill-using her for some time, had ended by deserting her, and that since then she had struggled to maintain herself and child, but at last, driven to desperation by the deplorable wretchedness of her life, she resolved to get rid of it. She seems to have made several endeavours to place it in the hands of her husband's mother, in whose care it had formerly been, but failing in this she took it out with her one night, and its body was afterwards found in a stream of water. When arrested the wretched woman denied having thrown it into the water, but varied in her statements as to how she had disposed of it, first alleging that she had given a boy a penny to take it to her mother-in-law, and afterwards that she had left it in the wood through which the stream ran, hoping that it would be found and cared for by some charitable person. The jury, however, found her guilty of "wilful murder," and she now lies under sentence of death, though a strong recommendation to mercy was added to the verdict. Now let us take the other case, which is that of an inhuman bargeman named Ames, who, seemingly prompted by pure wanton maliciousness, let the water into a canal lock in which were three little boys who had been fishing for eels. Two of these children scrambled out, but finding that their playmate could not do so they went back to his aid, when Ames, laughing at the remonstrances of a woman who called out to him that they would all be drowned, deliberately proceeded to open the floodgates, the result being that one of the lads was drowned, and the others very narrowly escaped. This wretch was, however, only found guilty of manslaughter, and escapes with the light sentence of seven years' penal servitude. The legal distinction lies in this. The act in which he was engaged, that of passing his barge through the lock, was a lawful one in itself; whilst the girl Pickering by her own confession was guilty of the crime of child desertion, and must, therefore, as the judge pointed out, be presumed to have intended the probable consequences of such an act. Regarded in conjunction, the two cases seem to show a complete inversion of the moral law, the blood-guiltiness of the wretched outcast being trivial compared to that of the fiendish bargeman, and the disparity of the sentences ought surely to lead to some alteration of the legal technicalities which make such extraordinary distinctions possible.

"LUCY HAYES' TEA PARTIES" will be the fashion in New York this winter—temperance entertainments such as the President's wife gives at the White House, and planned on the model of the "Martha Washington parties" of the last century. Simplicity in dress, food, and amusements will be the main feature of these gatherings, for Mrs. Hayes is trying to check American feminine extravagance. Some reform is certainly needed in a city where a lady of eighty, the widow of a late millionaire, orders one hundred new dresses for her reappearance in society this winter after her mourning, and children wear such costly ornaments that a thief recently made off with 800*l.* worth of jewels belonging to the pupils of a fashionable school.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
NOVEMBER 4 TO NOVEMBER 10 (INCLUSIVE).

EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the first part of this period we were under the influence of an area of high barometric pressure, whose centre lay off our south-west coasts, and the weather was therefore fine and quiet, although a good deal of fog was experienced on Friday (5th inst.). The weather continued fair until Sunday evening (7th inst.), when some slight atmospheric disturbances (subsidiary to a rather deep depression which passed across the north of Scotland on the previous night) advanced over England, bringing with them a good deal of cloud and slight rain. On Monday (8th inst.), however, these had all passed away, and the barometer, therefore, rose, while the weather improved gradually, so that by the evening the sky was once more perfectly clear. On Tuesday (9th inst.) a large and very deep depression again appeared off the north of Scotland, and caused a somewhat brisk fall, even in our own barometer, but the weather was very slightly affected, the only rain being a gentle shower, which fell about midnight. On Wednesday (10th inst.) the barometer was again rising, and the weather was clear and bright. Temperature rose somewhat during the first three or four days, but afterwards fell, and the maximum on Tuesday (9th inst.) was as low as 43°. On the same night, however, the thermometer rose, and a night maximum of 48° was registered, while at eight A.M. on Wednesday (10th inst.) the thermometer had fallen to 44°. These changes are very singular, and at the same time quite unaccountable. The barometer was highest (30.42 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); lowest (30.08 inches) on Wednesday (10th inst.); range, 0.34 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Sunday (7th inst.); lowest (27°) on Tuesday (9th inst.); range, 27°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.11 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.06 inches, on Monday (8th inst.).



CORK GAS has been lately produced with great success, the *Paris Globe* tells us. Besides being much cheaper than coal gas, it gives far better light, while it will not injure pictures, gilding, &c.

THE LONDON POLICEMEN so impressed the Brussels Municipality on their recent visit to England, that they decided to choose taller *gardiens* for the Belgian capital, and to insist on their being better educated.

THE ADMISSION OF WORKING MEN TO PARLIAMENT is one of the chief aims of Gallic Socialists, and a working man's halfpenny paper, *L'Emancipation*, has been brought out at Lyons to promote this object.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA.—Mr. L. H. Lefevre, of 1A, King Street, St. James's, has just published an admirable etching by M. Paul Rajon, after Mr. Alma-Tadema's drawing, exhibited in the galleries of the Old Water Colour Society, and entitled "The Bath" ("Strigils and Sponges").

SOME CURIOUS ITEMS OF ENGLISH NEWS may frequently be gathered from the Parisian journals. Thus the *Evénement* informs its readers that the London *Times* has paid Lord Beaconsfield 1,000*l.* for the permission to publish some advanced pages of his forthcoming novel. It should be said that this practice is very common with many French journals.

THE ANTI-JEWISH AGITATION IN GERMANY is again breaking out, and a petition is being circulated for signature, asking, among other severe restrictions, that no Jew shall hold a responsible appointment in the Army, the Government, or the Judicature, and that foreign Jews shall only be allowed to settle in Germany under exceptional circumstances.

A CAST OF THE VENUS OF MILO was recently sent from Europe to a *nouveau-riche* in San Francisco. The owner assembled his friends to view the treasure, but when the Venus was freed from her wrappings, to the universal horror it was found *minus* both arms. Furious at the injury to his property the San Franciscan sued the railway company for damages, and, what is more, at least so says the *New York Hour*, he got them.

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS was visible in the Orkney Isles last week. The whole of the northern horizon was covered by a dark mass of clouds with sharply defined edges, and from these the aurora shot up in beautifully coloured streams to nearly the zenith, covering the clear sky above the clouds from N.E. to N.W. Sometimes the aurora formed a gigantic rainbow, and the light was as bright as moonlight.

M. MUNKACSVY, the Hungarian artist, well known to English people by his picture of "Milton and his Daughters," is painting a colossal "Christ in the Praetorium" for next year's Paris Salon. To the same Exhibition will also be sent no less than ten pictures of the distribution of the new colours to the French army last summer. Talking of Parisian Art, M. Gérôme has just finished an Eastern scene, "The Serpent Charmer," representing a lad encircled by the coils of a huge snake, to which an old man plays on the flute, while an attentive audience crouch under a curious blue-tiled wall. The Louvre has again been in danger, for a fire broke out on Sunday, just under the Museum of Drawings, in a room containing materials for cleaning lamps. It is only a few weeks since a fire occurred in M. Hérol's quarters in the adjoining Tuileries, yet the authorities seem singularly indifferent to the safety of their glorious collection.

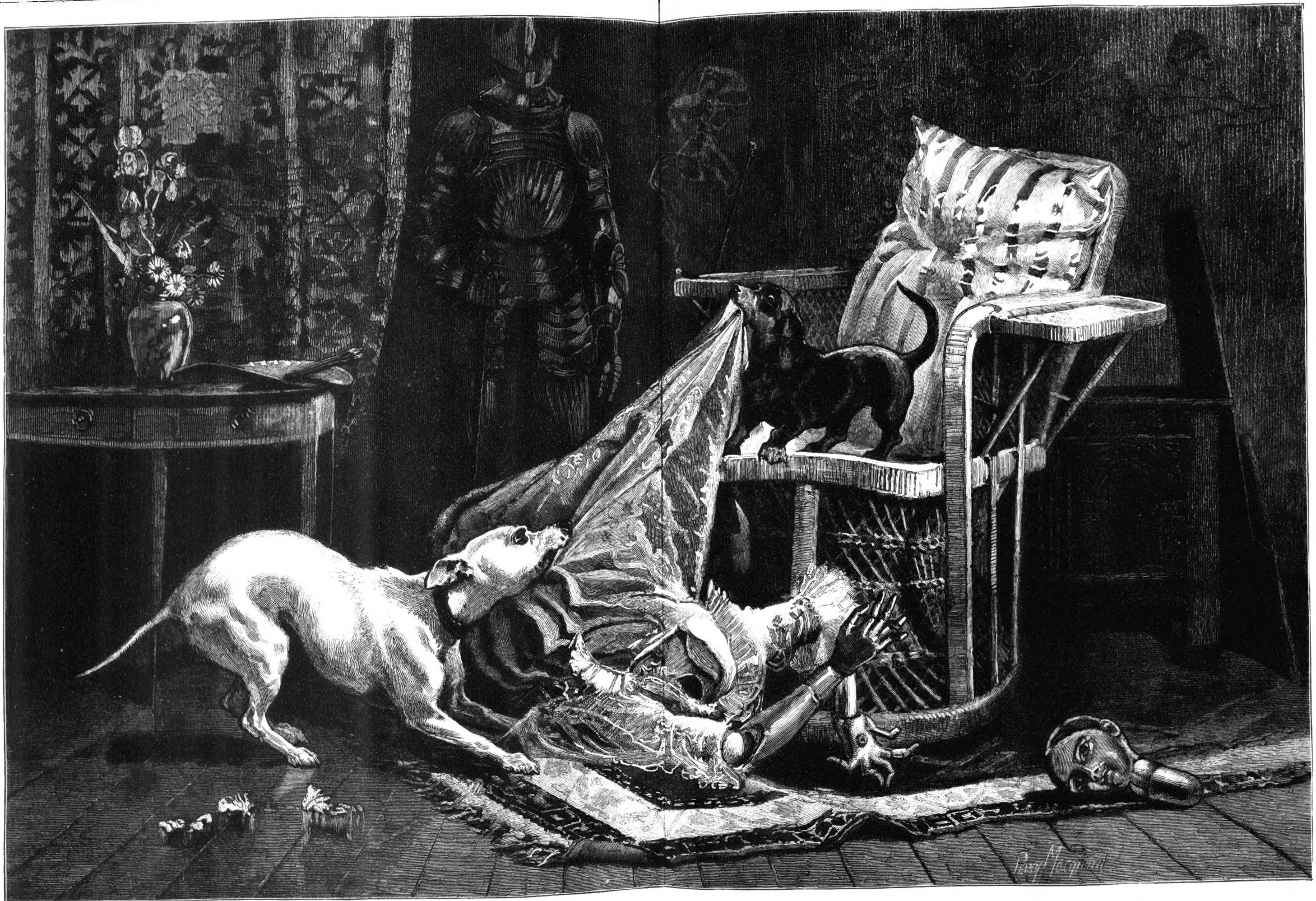
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,513 deaths were registered against 1,521 during the previous seven days, a decline of 8, being 36 below the average, and at the rate of 21.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 355 from diseases of the respiratory organs, of which 220 were from bronchitis and 92 from pneumonia, 70 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 18), 27 from measles (a decline of 10), 7 from small-pox (an increase of 5), 15 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 10 from whooping cough (a decline of 14), 22 from different forms of fever, and 35 from diarrhoea (an increase of 7). There were 2,706 births registered against 2,490 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 76. The mean temperature of the air was 39.3 deg., and 7 below the average. The registered amount of bright sunshine during the week was 24.2 hours out of 69.4 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

MR. S. C. HALL.—This well-known veteran in literature has just published some graceful and interesting "Words of Farewell" on his retirement from the conduct of the *Art Journal* (originally styled the *Art Union*), which he has edited continuously since 1839. When we add to this the fact that Mr. Hall has worked for sixty years as "a man of letters by profession," and that his wife, the popular authoress, and "his constant helper and adviser during fifty-six years of wedded life," was seated by his side as he penned his valedictory address, we feel that, owing to his combined longevity and vivacity, Mr. Hall has achieved a series of feats which few of our craft can hope to emulate. Mr. Hall proposes to employ himself in his retirement in compiling a book entitled, "Recollections of a Long Life," which ought to be exceptionally interesting, and we cordially wish both himself and his partner all happiness and prosperity for the remainder of their earthly career.

"PORTRAITS AT HOME."—Most people are rather ill at ease while seated in a photographer's chair. In the first place, they are often rather fatigued by the journey to his establishment; and then again they become still more fatigued while waiting till other sitters are finished off. The result is that, when the crucial moment arrives, they are neither in face nor temper at their best, and it is rather painful (especially for a lady) to be told by a candid friend, "How old it makes you look!" To obviate these disadvantages, and to give people the additional benefit of being taken among their natural surroundings, Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street, has introduced a plan for taking portraits at home, which, from the specimens we have seen, appears highly successful. Among these are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Madame Modjeska, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Henry Irving; but we are most attracted by Mr. Frank Buckland, who is holding up a big salmon, with a model of a gigantic octopus behind him.

MR. RUSKIN'S OPINIONS OF THE FRENCH STAGE, as lately given to the Secretary of the Dramatic Reform Association, are remarkably graphic and trenchant. "To think," he writes, "that all the strength of the world combining in Paris to amuse itself cannot have clean box-curtains! or a pretty landscape sketch for a drop-scene! but sits in squalor and dismalmess, with bills stuck all over its *rideau*. I was indignant to see a drop-scene(?) of the Folies composed of huge advertisements. The ghastly want of sense of beauty and endurance of loathsomeness gaining hourly on the people. I heard *William Tell* entirely massacred at the great Opéra. My belief is, they scarcely sang a piece of pure Rossini all night, but had filled in modern skimbable tunes and quite unspeakably clumsy and common ballet. I scarcely came away in better humour from the mouthed tediousness of *Garin* at the Théâtre Français; but they took pains with it, and I suppose it pleased a certain class of audience. The libretto of *Jean de Nivelle* is very beautiful, and ought to have new music written for it. Anything so helplessly tuneless as its present music I never heard, except mosquitoes and cicadas."





"A DISARRANGEMENT IN BLUE"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY PERCY MACQUID, EXHIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY





**EASTERN AFFAIRS.**—The Sultan has now apparently made up his mind to carry out the cession of Dulcigno without any further delay, and has sent stringent orders to Dervish Pasha to occupy and hand over the district to the Montenegrins immediately—using force to overcome the resistance of the Albanian League. As Dervish Pasha has 10,000 men under his command, and moreover can call up formidable reinforcements from Salonica and Volo, it is very probable that by the time these lines are in print the cession may have become an accomplished fact. There is little doubt that the refusal of the Albanians to listen to the arguments of Dervish Pasha in a conference which he held with the leaders at the close of last week was prompted by the idea that the Sultan had forbidden the Turkish troops to fire, merely instructing them to make a "pacific demonstration." The private remonstrances, however, of the German Embassy have, it appears, produced a strong impression upon His Majesty's mind, and thence the orders to Dervish Pasha.

At Constantinople there has been considerable excitement respecting an article in the *Terjimanî Hakiket*, in which the policy of the Sultan and his Prime Minister Said Pasha is praised in the most fulsome manner, and is declared to have completely defeated the occult designs of the Powers upon the integrity of Turkey. Mr. Goschen is represented as lamenting the utter failure of these designs, and saying that, unlike his predecessor, the present Pashah "seeks not his own pleasure, and loves neither music nor play nor good eating nor drinking. I hear he passes his nights in prayer, and occupies himself day and night with State affairs. . . . We thought to sweep Turkey from off the face of the earth, but right has prevailed, and, instead of winning honour and credit, we diplomatists have become a butt for the ridicule of the Turks and of all Europe." As for Said Pasha, his prudence and intelligence are set forth in no measured terms, but, as the paper in question is the Prime Minister's own organ, this is easily explained. For this effusion the *Terjimanî Hakiket* was at once suspended by the Sultan—though not before it had caused a considerable impression on the minds of the humbler classes in Stamboul. Mr. Goschen pleaded for the paper, stating that English organs occasionally used strong language, and were not punished, but the Sultan declined to cancel the suspension. One highly ungenerous insinuation in the article was that the charitable assistance rendered to the Turkish refugees was merely a clever card played by perfide Albion for her own selfish ends.

From GREECE there is little news beyond that the Cabinet has asked for a large war credit, and that recruits are being gathered together from all parts, and being drilled into shape. It is reported that 24,000 men are eventually to be sent against Thessaly, and 36,000 men against Epirus, while 20,000 men are to be held in reserve. The Greek Government, however, has requested the discontinuance of the enrolment of volunteers in Roumania, as 16,000 volunteers are already under arms. The Turks, on their side, are not neglecting war preparations. Abeddin Pasha has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Epirus, and 60,000 troops have been assembled in the provinces bordering the Greek frontier, and are shortly to be reinforced by a reserve of 30,000.

**FRANCE.**—The Assembly met for its last Session on Tuesday, and was inaugurated by the usual Ministerial crisis and resignation, though at the time we are writing M. Grévy refuses to release the Cabinet from its functions. It has always been felt that the Ferry Cabinet was merely a stopgap, and previous to the meeting of the Chambers the Left assembled, and, without consulting the Ministry, drew out a programme of its own, which it determined to carry out without any regard to what M. Ferry or his colleagues might propose. When also M. Ferry read out his Ministerial statement, it was received with studied coldness from the Left benches. This statement simply mentioned the fact of a change of Cabinet during the recess, and then went on to excuse the enforcement of the Decrees against the Religious Orders, by declaring that the laws regulating the condition of religious communities were not laws of haphazard or violence, but of wisdom, necessity, and tradition. He announced that 261 unrecognised establishments had been dispersed, but that there was no intention of applying the laws to the female communities. Leaving this burning question, M. Ferry announced measures for compulsory and gratuitous education, and Bills reorganising the magistracy, reforming the existing laws with regard to the right of public meeting and the Press, and completing the work of military organisation. The Senate was also asked to vote the General Customs Tariff Bill, and a Yellow Book on Eastern affairs was promised to the Assembly. As soon as M. Ferry had finished, M. Laisant demanded that an inquiry should at once be made into the De Cissey scandal. The House, despite the opposition of the Government, decided to take his proposition immediately into consideration, but the real defeat of the Cabinet was to be inflicted by its own partisans, the Left, which met M. Ferry's proposition to give the Educational Bill priority with a counter proposal to take the Magistracy measure first, next the question for suppressing the Concordat, and then the Educational Bill. On a division the Cabinet was outvoted, and then the Ministers adjourned to see M. Grévy and "deliberate"—that being the euphemistic term for tending their resignations. M. Grévy, however, for once is said to have lost his temper, and declared that he positively refused to accept the resignation, which he considered far too hasty. He told the Ministers to wait until Thursday, when the exact feeling of the Chamber could be ascertained. If then a vote of confidence was not obtained, he would send for M. Gambetta; and if he declined to form a Cabinet, he would ask the Senate to dissolve the Chamber. Upon this episode being known, M. Gambetta and his immediate followers at once set to work to try and persuade M. Ferry that Tuesday's vote was a matter of small consequence. Up to Thursday morning, however, no compromise had been arrived at, as the Republican Left, who outvoted the Cabinet on Monday, declined to withdraw their point of priority. Impartial Republicans are viewing the situation with considerable misgiving, for the party as a whole can only be weakened by such internecine warfare; and accordingly the cry for M. Gambetta to come forward, or at least to afford a real visible support to a Cabinet, has now been renewed twentyfold, for it is felt that this continual setting up and knocking over of puppet Cabinets is conducive neither to the prosperity, nor to the peace, nor to the dignity of the Republic.

There is little doubt also that the mode in which the Decrees against the Religious Orders have been carried out has contributed to the downfall of the Ministry, as the unequivocal manner in which the various Liberal organs of Europe have condemned the action of the Cabinet has had considerable effect upon the French public mind, while the policy of abstention from any interference with foreign affairs has never been to the Gallic taste. Nevertheless, sustained by the decision of the Tribunal des Conflits, which confirmed the right of the Executive to enforce the Decrees, the Cabinet courageously continued to carry out the letter of the Decrees to the last, and the papers have been filled with the various scandalous scenes which took place, as one after another the various establishments were forcibly entered and their inmates expelled. At the Capuchin institution in Paris the main door was broken open by the firemen with their hatchets, and the door of each separate cell had to be forced. In each establishment a number of lay sympathisers

assembled to protest against the action of the police, many members of the previous Conservative Government, such as the Duc de Broglie and M. Buffet, being amongst their number. Near Tarascon the Premonstratensians, who had established their quarters in an old castle, firmly refused to surrender, and were blockaded by 3,000 troops for some days, but ultimately the doors were forced open, and the monks conveyed away under an escort of dragoons. Both at Paris and at Boulogne English ladies have been arrested for "insulting" the police, and in the latter town one fair British damsel was fined 4*l*.

In PARIS the setting in of the season of political crises and "incidents" has overshadowed more social topics, and the fall of the Cabinet, the attitude of M. Gambetta, and M. Bardoux's Bill for the revival of the *scrutin de liste* have been the foremost themes of discussion. The *scrutin de liste*, it may be remembered, is the old method of a whole Department electing all its members by voting for them *en masse*. By the present *scrutin d'arrondissement* the Department is divided into boroughs, each of which, as in England, elects its own particular member. The Advanced Radicals have as usual been prominently to the front, and on Tuesday a great crowd assembled to greet the well-known female Communist, Louise Michel, on her return from New Caledonia. As for M. Félix Pyat, he has gone to Belgium, for, thinking discretion the better part of valour, he does not intend to submit to his sentence of two years' imprisonment for his recent "regicide" articles in the *Commune*.

**RUSSIA.**—Another important Nihilist trial is taking place at St. Petersburg, where sixteen Nihilists of both sexes are arraigned for high treason. The chief prisoner, Kviatkovski, is accused of writing in the *Will of the People*, and of being concerned in a conspiracy to blow up the Winter Palace with dynamite. Others are charged with complicity in the murder of Prince Krapotkin, in Solovieff's attempted assassination of the Czar, in the attempt to blow up the Imperial train at Moscow, and the attempts at Alexandrovsk and Odessa, and in being connected with the working of secret printing-presses. Several of the prisoners have been arrested on their own confession. The author of the explosion in the Winter Palace, it appears, is a carpenter named Stephen Chalturen or Halturin, who formerly lodged in the basement of the Winter Palace. A plan of the Winter Palace, found at Kviatkovsky's lodgings, had his handwriting upon it. The prisoners present very different aspects, some being neat and well-dressed, and others unkempt, and manifestly extremely poor. A political trial has also been taking place at Kharkoff, where various Nihilist sympathisers have been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

The Czar is said to be still indisposed, and to have been advised to return to St. Petersburg. The Tekke Turcoman Expedition does not appear to be prospering, and a Russian force, though commanded by General Skobelev himself, is said to have been defeated in a recent attack on a Turcoman force.

The unusually early winter seems likely to cause much suffering. Owing to the premature freezing of the Volga many grain-laden boats have been nipped by the ice, and unfortunately their contents were intended to supply the south-eastern districts, which have been devastated by insects, and yielded a poor harvest. Moreover, the frosts have prevented the farmers from sowing their full complement of winter grain.

**ITALY.**—The agitation in Ireland is the last theme of the *Aurora*, the Vatican's inspired organ, and we are told that "in consequence of the insupportable state of things in which the peasants of Ireland have been placed by the landlords it has become necessary that the people should endeavour to shake off the oppression to which they were subjected. They are determined no longer to starve to death upon land watered with the sweat of their brows . . . a radical reform is indispensable, and all should contribute to its attainment, otherwise Ireland will be compelled to choose between anarchy and starvation." The Land League is spoken of in very favourable terms, so that there is no doubt on which side the Vatican has determined to range itself.

The longstanding difficulties between Russia and the Vatican are said to have been settled.—Cardinal Jacobini is to succeed Cardinal Nina as Pontifical Secretary of State.—General Garibaldi has returned to Genoa, and intends going to Rome to be present at the meeting in favour of universal suffrage.—The Bill for the abolition of the forced paper currency is creating considerable alarm in certain circles, who hold to the "rag" money as inveterately as the most ardent greenbacker across the Atlantic.

**AUSTRIA.**—A severe earthquake has occurred in Southern Austria, the area affected ranging from Vienna to the Adriatic and the frontier of Bosnia. Agram, the capital of Croatia, seems to have principally suffered. Three shocks occurred, one of which lasted ten seconds, and was so powerful that not a single house remained uninjured, and two hundred houses were reduced to ruins. Walls, chimneys, and roofs were overthrown, killing and wounding a number of persons. The Cathedral was seriously damaged, and a general panic reigned through the town, many persons taking to flight.

**INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—There is little news. All is quiet at Candahar, and by the last advices Cabul was equally tranquil. A punitive expedition has been undertaken against the Waziri tribe by Colonel Gordon, with complete success. One hundred and twenty-six prisoners, 1,500 head of cattle, and 700 loads of fodder were captured and carried to Thall.—An epidemic of cholera is prevailing in Upper India.

**UNITED STATES.**—The definitive figures of the Presidential Election show that General Garfield has been virtually elected President by 214 votes, against 155 secured by General Hancock. His popular majority in the Northern States is estimated at 518,000, and his popular majority throughout the Union 82,000. The Republican minority in Congress also will be changed to a small majority of 15 in the House of Representatives, while in the Senate they will exactly tie their opponents, and the casting vote will lie in the hands of two independent members. Let us hope that they are not of the genus P. I. G. ("perfectly independent gentlemen"), like the Hon. Bardwell Slote in the *Mighty Dollar*.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* at Booth's Theatre, New York, on Monday. Seats fetched fabulous prices, boxes being sold for 60*l*. and two stalls for 15*l*. The actress was received with due Transatlantic enthusiasm. The adjacent streets were illuminated with the electric light, and thousands assembled outside the theatre. After the performance there was a serenade before the hotel. It must be acknowledged that the fair Sarah, more fortunate than most mortals, has now attained the acknowledged summit of her ambition—a "world-wide celebrity."

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In both DENMARK and BELGIUM the Parliamentary Sessions have recommenced. In his Speech from the Throne the King of the Belgians touched upon the festivities in honour of Belgian independence, the approaching marriage of the Princess Stéphanie with the Crown Prince of Austria, the good harvest, and the difference with the Vatican.—The Kurdish insurrection in PERSIA continues, though, according to telegrams from Teheran, Sheikh Abdullah is surrounded by the Shah's troops in his position near Urumiah. The Kurds in the Sain Kalch district are also said to have been repulsed.—The news from SOUTH AFRICA is still unsatisfactory. The fighting in Basutoland continues, and all the Tembus are in open rebellion. Moletsani's mountain stronghold has been successfully stormed by Col. Clarke, who, however, has been since compelled to retreat to Mafeteng. Mr. Walsh, the magistrate, who was reported to have been murdered, is safe with Col. Elliot at Umtata. Large reinforcements are now being raised in all parts of Cape Colony and sent to the front.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Balmoral on Saturday from the Glassalt Shiel, where they had been spending a few days. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. The Queen has received no visitors at Balmoral this week, but has taken her usual walks and drives with Princess Beatrice. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave a dance to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday. Next Friday the Court leaves Scotland for Windsor.—The Queen has sent 50*l*. to the Girls' Friendly Society, of which Her Majesty has become patroness.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters are paying their usual autumn visit to Norfolk. Accompanied by Princess Louise, Princes William of Germany and John of Glücksburg, Count Münster, and Lord and Lady Odo Russell, they went down to Sandringham on Saturday, and next morning attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. On Monday Princes William of Germany and John of Glücksburg left Sandringham—Prince William rejoining his *fiancée* at Cumberland Lodge, while Prince John crossed to Ostend on his way to Brussels—and on the same afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, arrived from Eastwell Park. The Prince of Wales gives annually a gold medal to the head boy of the King's Lynn Grammar School, and on Monday morning he presented the reward to Mr. J. M. Court, son of the Rector of Widdington. Tuesday was the Prince's thirty-ninth birthday, which was kept with the usual honours. In London there were the customary dinners and illuminations, at Windsor the bells rang, salutes were fired, and banquets held, while King's Lynn was gay with flags and the ringing of church bells, a display of fireworks taking place from the Grey Friars Tower. At Sandringham the workmen and cottagers of the estate had their annual dinner in the Royal mews, the Prince and Princess with their children and guests being present during part of the proceedings. The Prince and Princess would give a county ball last (Friday) night, and to-day will be present at a meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Ashwicken. Next week the Prince begins a round of visits by staying with Mr. Birkbeck at Horstead Hall.

The Duke of Edinburgh will visit the Tyne next week on a tour of inspection, going probably to South Shields.—Prince Leopold received the freedom of the Vintners' Company on Saturday, subsequently being present at the banquet. On Monday morning he unveiled Temple Bar Memorial, and afterwards lunched with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.—The Fund of the Darmstadt Memorial to the Princess Alice has received 3,660*l*., subscribed by British Residents in India.—Prince William of Germany continues on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian. Accompanied by Prince Christian he has dined with the Officers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and with those of the 2nd Life Guards. Princess Christian with the Princesses Augusta and Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein attended the afternoon service on Sunday, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH.—Lord Cranbrook, speaking at a *soirée* of the Leeds Church Institute, said that a "sickening uniformity" in anything was neither possible nor desirable, and he hoped that some other means than imprisonment would soon be found of enforcing obedience to the laws of the Church. If the union between State and Church was wrong, it must be done away with; but his experience was that Nonconformists were not the enemies of the Church, though they pointed out its abuses. If, however, these evils were got rid of, might they not fly to others which we know not of? The Church was now doing active work in almost every part of the country, and she had to contend with men, who he would not say were hypocrites, but who made the awful statement to the masses that the great impediment to their progress was that there was a God (*query* a belief in a God) in the way.

THE PAY OF THE CLERGY.—The *Church Review* says that as a whole the clergy are paid quite well enough, and the average parson is rather over-paid than under-paid considering the actual amount of work he does. On Saturdays he spends say half-a-day in preparing his sermons, his day's work on Sunday is not one that taxes limb or brain so much as the day's work of many a skilled mechanic; and for the rest of the week about three hours a day are given to clerical work—matins half an hour, evensong half an hour, and pastoral visitations and seeing people on parish business two hours. This amount of labour, or rather employment, says the *Church Review*, is liberally paid by 300*l*. a year. "Indeed, in comparison with other professions and trades, it is very much over-paid by this sum. What mechanic or tradesman would get a quarter of this if he spent no more time on his calling than the average parson does on his? We cannot say that the way in which the average parson spends his time when off duty, at all gives him a claim for a handsome income. His pursuits are generally quite harmless, but seldom useful, except to himself and his family."

THE REV. PELHAM DALE is still in prison, and has expressed his intention of spending the remainder of his life there rather than submit to the judgment of Lord Penance, the judge of a State-made Court, in spiritual matters, though as at present advised he should submit to be suspended *ab beneficio*. He considers that as a citizen and a Christian man he is bound to submit to the State, even if it chooses to despoil him of his goods, but he can allow no interference with the spiritual authority delegated to him by the Bishop at his ordination. The *Law Journal* states that Mr. Dale is in the position of a person who has refused to obey an injunction of the High Court of Justice rather than that of a criminal who has been sentenced to imprisonment, though, technically, he goes by the name of a "criminal clerk," and in the prison books he was described on his arrival as a "prisoner for debt." By all accounts he appears to be very comfortably lodged, and his wife and other relatives are allowed to visit him daily. The various branches of the Church Union, both in London and the provinces, have held meetings, at which resolutions of sympathy and indignation have been passed, and on Wednesday a great working men's meeting was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, which was addressed by the Revs. A. M. Dale and Arthur Tooth. Mr. Dale has received numerous letters of sympathy and offers of help, and on the other hand some very uncomplimentary epistles, whilst Mr. C. Powell, the Secretary of the Working Men's Society, has received a threatening letter. The Council of the Union have, it is said, decided on the course of action to be adopted, but this will not be made public until the general meeting, which is fixed for the 18th inst. The churchwardens have removed Mr. Dale's notice, and substituted one announcing that the building is closed for "necessary



Nov. 13, 1880

cleansing," and offering a reward of 2*l.* for the conviction of any person attempting to enter. Mr. Dale still holds the keys, having twice refused to give them up to the Bishop (to whom he has written nominating his son as his substitute during his enforced absence), and the prison authorities have declined to search him for them without a warrant to do so. On Sunday a crowd assembled outside the church, and the Rev. C. T. Ackland, who was licensed by the Bishop last year when the living was sequestered, was present to take the service in the church had the doors been open, while the Rev. Murray Dale, son of the Rector, was also present to read a protest, signed by a committee of the congregation, against the intrusion of any one not acting for the Rector. *The Times* notes as a remarkable coincidence the fact that Mr. Dale's brother was for many years legal adviser to the Church Association.

**DISSENTERS' MARRIAGES.**—The incident which we reported last week of a marriage at a Nonconformist chapel being postponed because of the non-attendance of the registrar has given rise to a series of letters on the subject in the columns of the *Daily News*, and a variety of suggestions are made for the removal of the evil complained of. The most practicable, to our minds, is that a stamped directed form should be issued with every license or certificate, and after being filled up by the officiating minister, be returned to the registrar, exactly as is now done with certificates of vaccination.

**PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH** has written a letter in which he says that the Free Church Commission have exceeded their powers in suspending him from his professorial duties. He will, however, obey under protest, reserving himself the right to use all means to obtain a reversal of the finding, and to call the authors of it to account.

**THE FREE CHURCHES IN THE FUTURE.**—Mr. MacIver, M.P., speaking at a Nonconformist meeting at Weston-super-Mare the other day, said that though Nonconformity had its difficulties as well as the Church of England, it could not complain that its ministers were put in prison and its churches closed by the State. All religious systems were on their trial. A severe test would be applied to them, and "the survival of the fittest" would follow. In this struggle he had no fear but that the Free Churches would be found worthy of their past history and present position.



**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Mr. Arthur Chappell has commenced his twenty-third season in a manner at once unpretentious, dignified, and becoming. The programme of Monday night was exactly what we are entitled to look for at these admirably conducted entertainments. That Mozart's *Serenade* in E flat for wind instruments exclusively (referred to in our preliminary notice) would be a success might have been taken for granted; and a genuine success it was, as the applause following movement after movement, from an audience which crowded St. James's Hall sufficed to prove. The prominent share given to the clarinet shows the sympathy entertained by Mozart for that instrument during a certain period of his career; and on the present occasion we had Mr. Lazarus, our own clarinetist for more years than need be reckoned, as its leading representative, with an associate no less worthy than Mr. Egerton, as second. The addition of two oboes to the score was an afterthought of Mozart's; but who could be otherwise than satisfied with such proficient as M. Dubruq and Mr. Horton? Add to these Messrs. Mann and Standen at the horns, Messrs. Wotton and Flaveron at the bassoons, and no wonder the execution in all respects was complete. The revival of a comparatively unknown work by Mozart is sure of a cordial reception, and the 23rd season of the Popular Concerts could not have been "inaugurated" more auspiciously than by the *Serenade* in E flat—a thing of beauty from end to end, and a valuable acquisition to a repertory which counts masterpieces in numbers. The pianist on Monday was Mdlle. Janotha, who played Mendelssohn's *Andante* in E flat with Variations ("posthumous") so much to the general satisfaction that she was called back to play again, her selection judiciously falling upon a by this time tolerably familiar *Caprice* in E minor, from the same pen. The triumph of the evening, however, was achieved by Signor Piatti, in a sonata by Locatelli, a violinist of the eighteenth century, many of whose works, with skillful arrangement, can be as well adapted for violoncello as for violin. Signor Piatti had a reception worthy his distinguished merits, and playing his very best, was enthusiastically applauded and twice recalled. Two songs by Mozart and one by Rubinstein were contributed by Madame Koch-Bossenberger, the concert being brought effectively to an end with Beethoven's *Trio* in B flat, for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, performed by Mdlle. Janotha, Mr. Lazarus, and Signor Piatti. The first Saturday Popular Concert is announced for this afternoon.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The weekly concerts are again attracting amateurs to Sydenham, and the programmes supplied by Mr. Manns have been for the most part distinguished by the usual combination of variety and interest. That of the fifth concert, on Saturday afternoon, offered a problem to be solved by such care for making comparisons between the old school and the new. The first orchestral piece was *Harold in Italy*, by Hector Berlioz, his third and last purely instrumental symphony—*Romeo et Juliette*, generally accounted as his "No. 4," being mixed up with choruses and vocal solos. About *Harold* and its composer, whom, after treating with indifference during his lifetime, the Parisians, since the war with Germany, have set up as an idol against the Dagon of Bayreuth, quite enough has been written lately to absolve us from the necessity of further comment. The second instrumental piece, of a wholly different character, was Mozart's *Serenade* in G, for stringed instruments, composed at Vienna in August, 1787, not long before *Don Giovanni* was brought out at Prague, and known in Germany as *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* ("A Little Serenade"). If any one thought this would suffer by coming almost directly after the always gloomy, often obstreperous, work of the French Goliath, his error must speedily have been dissipated. Such music may follow music of any other kind, while pure melody and faultless harmony exercise the spell they have ever held and must ever hold on those whose ears and hearts are healthily attuned to the concord of sweet sounds. A stronger or more grateful contrast could hardly have been contemplated. The *adagio* from Spohr's Ninth violin concerto, performed by that skilled and always welcome artist, Herr Ludwig Straus (to whom also had been assigned the difficult *obligato* part for viola, a pervading feature in the *Harold* symphony), was another eloquent argument on the side of legitimate melody. The vocal music at this concert was contributed by Madame Koch-Bossenberger, from Hanover, who besides Mozart's Italian concert *scena*, "Sperai vicino," sung to German words, gave *Lied* by Schubert and Jensen, the *Echo-song* ("Mein einz'ger Schatz ist Fern") of Eckert, and Titania's air from the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas—also in German. The overture to *La Princesse Juane*, earliest opera of the much extolled French composer M. Saint-Saëns, brought the concert to an end. To-day Mr. Charles Hallé will introduce a pianoforte concerto by the late Herrman Goetz, which—*proh pudor!*—has already been heard at Manchester. Manchester, indeed (thanks to Mr. Hallé), has for years past been forestalling rather than initiating the capital in these matters.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Though the undertaking of Mr. Armit, temporary director of this establishment pending the return of Mr. Mapleson, may not at this time be cited as a success such as he and his well-wishers could desire, he can hardly with fairness be arraigned for want of the requisite spirit. He has been necessarily compelled to present operas for which the stage requirements are at his immediate disposal; and this explains in a great measure the absence of anything to speak of in the shape of works new or unfamiliar. That Mr. Armit has sought assiduously for singers to fill the place of those who have either gone to the United States with Mr. Mapleson, or are fulfilling other engagements in various parts of the Continent, is undeniable, and if only two or three, at the best, of the new comers have succeeded in winning absolute public approval, it is rather his misfortune than his fault. It would answer no purpose to single out those "artists" who have failed; much more agreeable is it to name those who have made a more or less favourable impression. Among them may be counted especially Mdlle. Rosina Isidor and Signor Aldighieri. Mdlle. Isidor, who made her *début* as *Lucia*, in Donizetti's evergreen opera, with general approval, confirmed this first verdict by her performance as Gilda in *Rigoletto* and established it positively in her next part—that of Violetta in *La Traviata*. She has much to acquire both as actress and singer; but she is young enough to perfect herself in her art and to justify fair hopes of a career beyond the average. Signor Aldighieri will be remembered as many years ago a barytone enjoying high favour at Her Majesty's Theatre. He has now become an actor as well as singer. A better proof of this could not be adduced than his impersonation of the character of Rigoletto, which has tested the powers of several of the most consummate artists on the lyric stage. That Madame Trebelli should form one of the company is a guarantee that a genuine vocalist is at hand to give thorough effect to whatever part she may undertake. In *Carmen* and *La Favorita* this popular lady has been equally successful, and her Maddalena more than atones for some of the weaker features in the general cast of *Rigoletto*.

**WAIFS.**—The Saturday Orchestral Concerts, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, the first of which takes place this evening, in St. James's Hall, merit consideration and support, if only because a special feature of the scheme is to be the production on each occasion of some new work of more or less importance by an English composer. Among the novelties we are glad to find a third orchestral symphony by Mr. Cowen himself. It is in the key of C minor, and if it is an advance upon his "No. 1," in the same key, much may be reasonably expected.



**THE TURF.**—Though at one time the Lincoln Meeting was threatened with postponement, owing to the heavy rains, it came off at the end of last week with fair success, but the New Mile being submerged, the old course alone was used. Catervaal was made favourite, and won the Brownlow Nursery, Chev. E. Ginstrelli's two fillies, Speranza and Suky, being second and third, which positions curiously enough they took on the next day's racing in the Blankney Nursery won by Street Arab. Lord Rosebery's Pelleas, who ran so prominently in the Cambridgeshire, won the Great Tom Handicap, but could only get third for Her Majesty's Plate, which was won by Madam Du Barry in a field of eight, an unusually large number for such an event. The Witham Selling Stakes produced eleven runners, and fell to Sir John Astley's Lyric, Saltier and Allan Bane, the two favourites, being second and third; old Saltier, however, made up for the disappointment by winning the Pelham Stakes the next day. The Lincoln Autumn Handicap, for which eight animals ran, was secured by a veritable outsider in Mountain Ash; and Safeguard proved the best of seven for the Tally-Ho Steeplechase. Liverpool, which is always popular among the "back end" meetings, commenced on Tuesday, and the going was capital. The Irish division was as usual strongly represented, and they opened the ball by taking the November Hurdle Handicap with Mr. G. Moore's Theophrastus, who was ridden by Mr. J. Beasley, one of the famous band of "cross" country trotters who hail from the Emerald Isle. There were only three starters for the Aintree Hunt Steeplechase, of whom Restitution and Torpedo soon came to hopeless grief, leaving Captain Machell's Review alone in it; he however, repeatedly refused at almost every fence, and was not eventually got over the course by Mr. E. P. Wilson, and awarded the race, till three-quarters of an hour after the start. Old Rowston soon got back the money that was given for him at Lord Rosebery's recent sale by winning the New Stand Plate, for which he was made favourite, and backers were equally fortunate in spotting Mazurka for the Knowsley Nursery, and Priory for the Tuesday Plate. They were sadly out however in the Liverpool Leger, as Fordham just got home on the roaring Pride of the Highlands, who was about the least fancied of the four runners. On the second day Louise II. upset the calculations of "the talent" by winning the Stewards' Cup, for which Gil Blas was most fancied, but they were right in selecting Inez de Castro for the Nursery, Athol Lad for the Wednesday Plate, and Grace for the Alt Welter. They were right too in selecting Jupiter Tonans for the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, for which nine started. Mr. H. Beasley, another of the "band of brothers" above alluded to, rode the victorious Irishman, who only got the best of Regal in the last three strides, and won a most exciting race by a head. The Irish division scored again when Mr. Moore's Medina won the Liverpool Nursery, though not so much fancied as Sir Marmaduke with Archer up.

**FOOTBALL.**—The contest for the Association Challenge Cup has been making good progress, a great part of the first round having been got through. At the Oval, on Saturday last, after a very tough battle, the match between the Swifts and Old Foresters ended in a draw; at Shepherd's Bush, West End beat Hanover United by one goal to nothing; at Brentwood the home team failed to score against the Old Etonians, who made five goals; at Brixton the Hendon Eleven beat St. Peter's Institute by eight goals to one; and at Nottingham, Wolverhampton utterly routed Spilsby by scoring seven goals to none. In a Rugby Union Match the Marlborough Nomads have shown themselves far too strong for the Woolwich Academy, who could score nothing against their adversaries' four goals and two ties. At Nottingham, in an Association game, the home county have been defeated by a very strong Queen's Park, Glasgow, Eleven, but they made a good fight of it, however, scoring three goals to four; and Sheffield has beaten Birmingham by eleven goals to two.

**AQUATICS.**—Laycock, the Australian, has since our last scored his third victory over the Thames Championship Course. His opponent on this occasion was Riley of Saratoga, one of the first-class American scullers. Like his previous opponents, Blackman and Hosmer, Riley made a capital race with the Australian for part of the distance, but at the bottom of Chiswick Eyot Laycock forged ahead, and the race was practically over, though the American rowed a very plucky stern chase. The interest in the great Championship Match between Hanlan and Trickett continues to increase, and the wagering still rules in favour of Hanlan, whose "sliding" abilities are certainly unrivalled. The race takes place on Monday next, when an immense crowd will probably be present. The Thames above Putney is pretty lively every day with the many

scullers of all nations now in practice for the Hop Bitters International Regatta, which commences on the 22nd. If the various competitors only do their best and avoid fouling and wrangling, this will certainly be the biggest thing in its way the world has ever seen. It is to be feared, however, though we dislike using words of ill omen, that our own countrymen will come off but second best.

**BILLIARDS.**—The match for 100*l.* a side and the Championship at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, between W. Cook and Joseph Bennett, was a great treat for lovers of billiards. Cook was the most fancied, but Bennett went away with the lead, and after some time got well ahead, being 200 in front of his opponent. Cook then gradually worked up and reduced the lead to 39 points, but Bennett was not to be denied, and, having the best of the luck, reached 795 to Cook's 715. Here, however, the game took a turn, and Cook made a magnificent break of 107, thus getting ahead for the first time. Shortly afterwards the game was called 830 all. Cook now played magnificently, and reached 938 to Bennett's 864. Bennett now showed rare nerve, and brought his score to 936, Cook remaining stationary, at which point the excitement was intense. Eventually Bennett won the game by 51 points; the time being 4 hours and 37 minutes. Bennett, however, is not to be allowed to wear his laurels long in peace, as T. Taylor has challenged him for the Championship and 100*l.* a side, on the usual conditions. In a match at St. James's Hall, on the following evening, between W. Cook and John Roberts, Jun., the former made the biggest break ever made in public on a championship table, viz., 165; the highest score up to then being 121, which Cook made in 1874.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The six days' and nights' contest at the Agricultural Hall resulted, as anticipated long before its close, in the victory of Rowell and his retention of the Championship of the World. His record at 10.39 P.M. on Saturday night was 566 miles, which beats all previous performances in England or America. Not so very long ago the idea of accomplishing 500 miles in the time would have seemed almost the dream of a madman. This modern pedestrianism seems a pretty lucrative business for successful men; Rowell's profit on this little journey being no less than 85*l.* 10*s.*, made up of share of gate-money and the stakes.



THE special interest that is ordinarily excited by the opening of a new theatre may be said, in the case of the New Princess's, to have been entirely merged in the curiosity of the audience of Saturday evening regarding the powers of the celebrated American actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, who made his appearance on that occasion in the character of Hamlet. Nor was this curiosity, it seems, confined to our own countrymen. We are told by the writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News* that the New York Press Association had, by special request, been furnished by our leading daily journals with proof-slips in advance of their criticisms on the performance, which, being forwarded during the night by Atlantic Cable, were enabled, owing to the sun reaching America later than here, to appear in newspapers at New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, on the very morning of their publication in London. Mr. Booth, as most of these articles have reminded us, was in England in 1861 for a short engagement at the Haymarket Theatre; but that is a long time ago, and he was then a young man. His performances attracted attention then chiefly because he was the son of the actor Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, whose momentary rivalry with Edmund Kean furnishes our books of theatrical "ana" with some interesting episodes. Otherwise they made little impression; but since that time Mr. Booth's fame in his own country has steadily increased, until he has attained to something like the commanding position which Mr. Irving occupies on our stage. Mr. Booth is a gentleman of rather slight and slim proportions; but his features are expressive, his movements graceful, and his voice clear and full. We have had actors who have "made the judicious grieve" by their slovenly habits, their arbitrary emphasis, their capricious actions and gestures, and have received full consideration, and even a plenary indulgence, at the hands of admirers who have yet felt themselves under the spell of genius. Mr. Booth is the very opposite of these chartered libertines of the stage. That he is wholly without imaginative power and picturesque impulse we do not mean to affirm; but certainly a more studied and highly wrought style of acting has rarely been seen upon our stage. In the illustrative and interpretative arts of the actor, the play of feature, the glance of the eye, the movements of the hands and arms, the gestures, which elsewhere but on the stage we call involuntary, he is rarely wanting. Very careful attention to the delivery of lines is one of his merits worthy of special notice. There is hardly an English actor who does not continually offend audiences, and betray to the ear that he is repeating a mere lesson, by emphasising some word in a sentence which no one would emphasise if the utterance were really issuing from the heart and mind of the speaker. Among our actresses this vice is still more prevalent. Even Miss Ellen Terry, the greatest actress of our times, will now and then give offence in this way; and perhaps Mrs. Stirling is the only example of a lady on our stage whose elocution is of a thoroughly intelligent and highly finished kind. To take an example, nearly all Ophelias, down to Miss Gerard, the latest of the list, request their brother not to show them "the steep and thorny way to Heaven," with a very special stress upon the words "steep" and "thorny," as if they suspected Laertes of selfishly keeping to himself, for his own private and exclusive use, a way to celestial felicity not less easy and seductive than that "primrose path of dalliance" against which she is administering to him a counter-warning. Errors of this sort are not to be detected in Mr. Booth's impersonation of the Danish prince. His Hamlet is altogether a saner Hamlet than Mr. Irving's, and it is so far, we think, out of harmony with the indication of the text. Ulrici, if we remember rightly, condemns the notion that Hamlet, though he undoubtedly feigns insanity, is also to some extent insane (a combination familiar enough to those who have studied the characteristics of dementia) as an unpoetical and ignorant view; but it is one that has the partial support of no less a critic than Coleridge; and it is certainly difficult to interpret otherwise certain indications in the text, the "wild and whirling words," for example, after the colloquy with the ghost, and in the presence only of Horatio and Marcellus, towards whom he has so little motive to "put an antic disposition on," that he actually makes them his confidants as regards his intention to play the madman. And if the strange behaviour which Ophelia describes were mere acting, or again if his pathetic apology to Laertes before the fencing scene that he had been punished with "sore distraction" and with "madness" were knowingly false, it is quite clear that the young Prince was a more contemptible creature than the poet seems from stronger evidence to have intended to represent him. These are, however, far from exhausting the arguments in favour of the view that, though Hamlet was not exactly mad in the vulgar sense, the healthy balance between the mind and the outward world was fundamentally shaken. Hence, in Coleridge's words, the "cunning bravado bordering on the flights of delirium," the "wildness which is only half false," the "subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very nearly being what he acts." Mr. Booth, we are told, on the authority of his friend Mr. Winter, the well-known dramatic





MAJOR MARTIN MORPHY, 40TH REG.



COL. F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR, R.E.

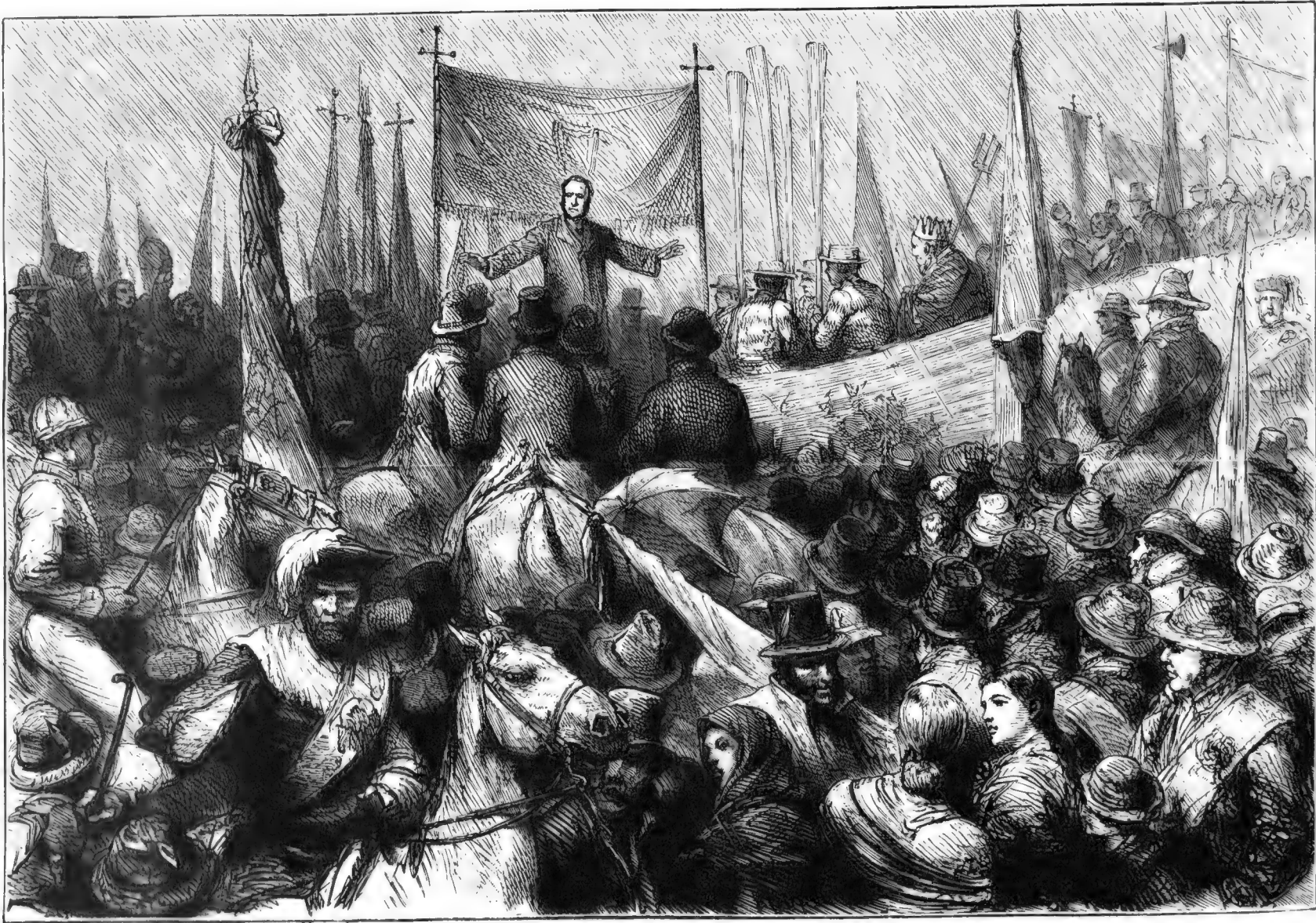


MRS. TURNBULL (WIFE OF CAPT. TURNBULL, 40TH REG.)



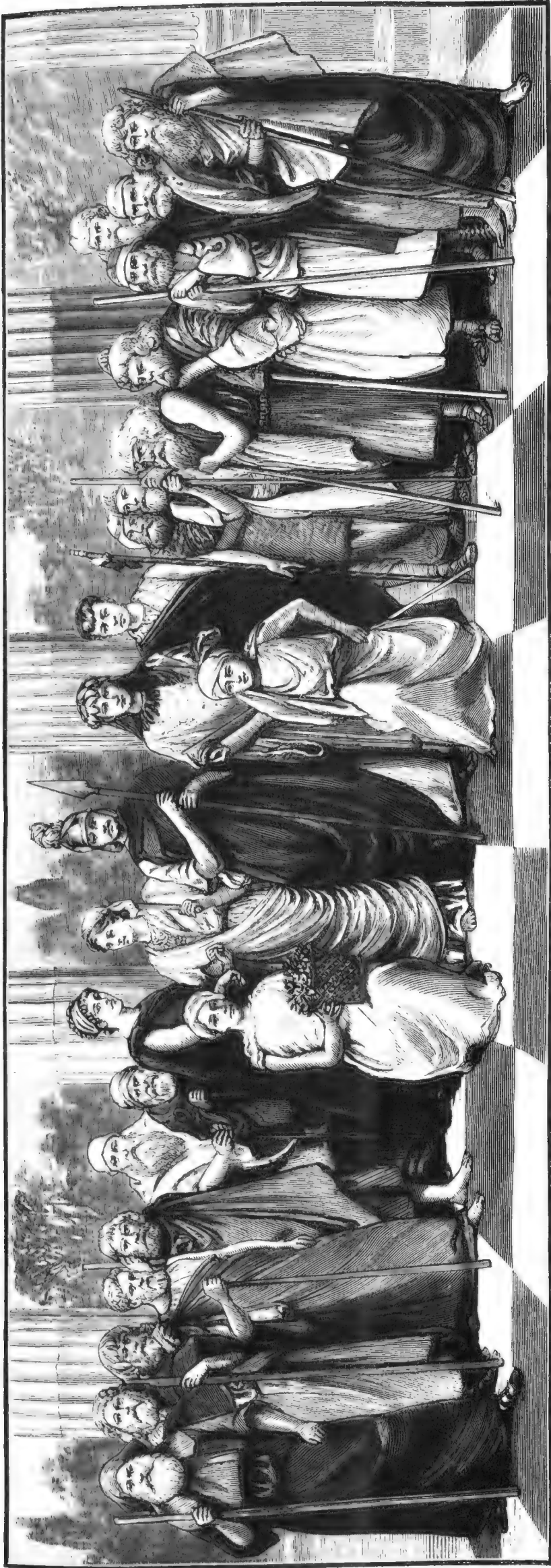
MRS. MORPHY

THE DISASTER AT NAINI THAL—SOME OF THE KILLED

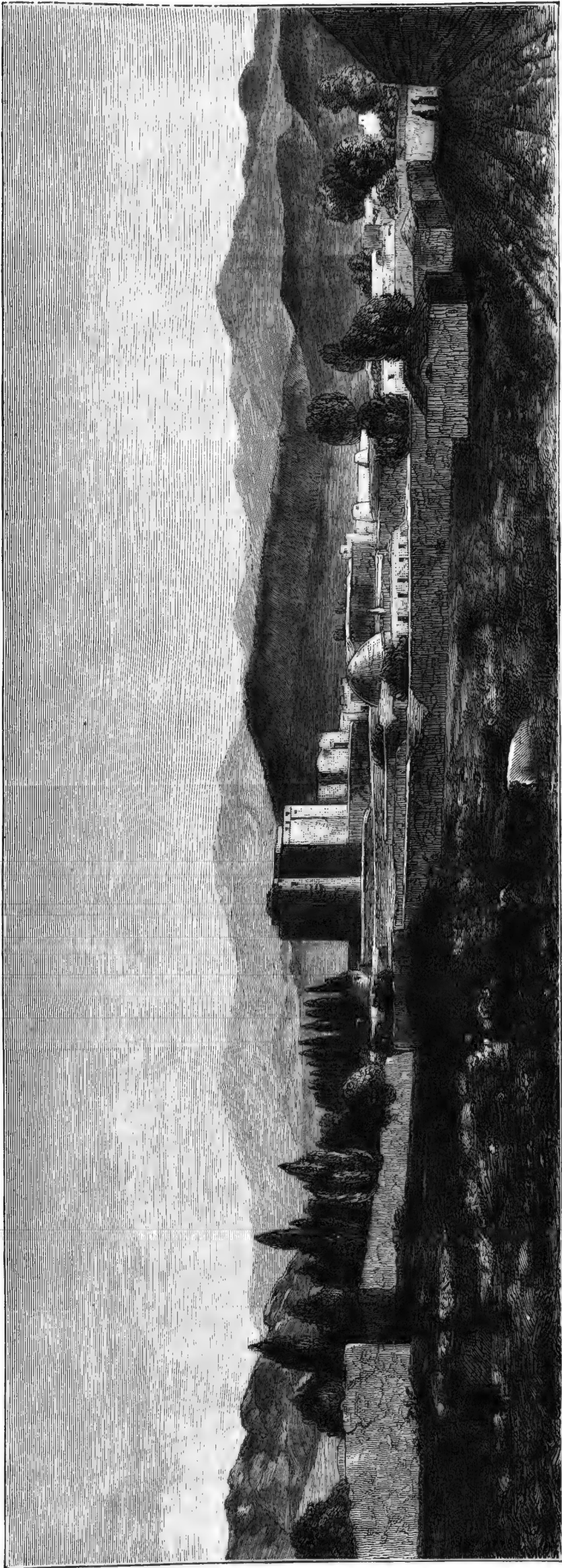


THE AGITATION IN IRELAND—THE LAND LEAGUE DEMONSTRATION AT LIMERICK





THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE AGAMEMNON" AT BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD — A COSTUME GROUP OF THE PLAYERS



KURDISH INSURRECTION IN PERSIA — TABREEZ, RECENTLY THREATENED BY THE SHEIKH ABDULLAH



critic of the *New York Tribune*, is strongly impressed with this view; but his highly-wrought histrionic style tends generally and almost of necessity to create an impression to the contrary, while his wilder moods are deficient in the picturesqueness, the fire, and the uncontrollable impulse which in Mr. Irving's interpretation are so effective. On the other hand, when Hamlet subsides, as it were, into his true character—coming closer to the ideal of the student of the text. If not exactly "princely" in the commanding sense of the word, he is refined, courteous, and graceful, where his English brother actor is apt to be rude, abrupt, and inelegant. Thus there is no bitterness in his playful sarcasms addressed to Polonius; there is no petulant impatience in his sarcastic replies to Osric, but only a manly contempt for his fine phrases. In like manner there is no indignation in his appeals to the two courtiers who are set to play the spy upon him, no breaking of the "recorders" in angry impatience, but only an appeal, almost pathetic, that they will be "even and direct with him," together with a proud consciousness of a superiority of sense and discernment, rendering him, as plainly appears in the later scene, easily master of the situation. With Ophelia and the Queen, again, he is more gentle than Hamlets have been wont to be. He does not, like Mr. Irving, "button-hole" the "first player" and communicate to him the celebrated instructions with the air of a professed anecdotist relating the very last "good thing" which he has heard at the club. He delivers the speech, in brief, in the careful manner due to its essentially didactic and finished character. Unfortunately, he follows all modern stage versions in addressing his observations, not to a group of the leading members of the strolling company, as directly indicated in the old stage directions, but to one player only. The greatest disappointment was the final death scene, which was hurried and confused, where the pathos of the situation manifestly demands a calmer and slower treatment. Mr. Booth was enthusiastically welcomed; his whole performance was followed with respectful attention, and encouraged by a frequent and warm recognition of its merits; and he was finally called before the curtain to receive a still more cordial tribute of applause. The representation in other respects is hardly above mediocrity, though Miss Gerard's acting as Ophelia is very beautiful, at least in the mad scene, though up to that point weak and colourless; and Mrs. Hermann Vezin's performance of the part of the Queen is in the best style of that accomplished actress. Mr. Ryder's Ghost speaks so as to be heard, and speaks well; but he is seen under disadvantages, due chiefly to a want of intelligence in the stage management, which is unfortunately not less apparent in some other details. We can hardly imagine that so cultivated and studious an actor as Mr. Booth can approve of the nightly interment of a huge wax doll purporting, and we may add purporting in vain, to be the drowned Ophelia carried to her grave upon an open bier. Mr. William Farren, as Polonius, delivers the celebrated classification of plays as if he felt the jingle of "historical pastoral," and so forth, to be intensely humorous, and desired his hearers to see it in that light; whereas the old courtier, in love with the sound of his own voice, and strong in the conceit of his very exhaustive treatment of the subject, is clearly in no jocular mood. This will indicate the fault of his impersonation in general, which shows more respect for old traditions of the stage than original study of the character. Mr. Swinbourne as the King, Mr. Calhaem as the First Gravedigger, Mr. Charles as Osric, and Mr. Beauchamp as Horatio deserve respectful mention.

The play is preceded by an original comedietta by Mr. H. A. Jones, called *An Old Master*, in which a rather slight notion is worked out with little refinement, but with promising dramatic skill. It is very well acted by Miss Maud Milton, Mr. Calhaem, Miss Harriet Coveney, and Mr. Garthorne.

The New Princess's Theatre, which has been erected on the site of the older one by Mr. Walter Gooch, and completed in the short space of six months, is remarkable for the spacious and luxurious character of its supplementary arrangements for the convenience of the public. The increased height of the house can hardly be satisfactory, we should think, to visitors in the gallery, amphitheatre, or upper boxes. A balcony, however, in the Gaiety and Haymarket fashion, and the stalls are comfortable in the extreme; and there is a very large and commodious pit. The internal decorations—of pale drab and crimson—are rather showy than tasteful. The stage has been enlarged, and is provided with contrivances enabling the management when desirable to produce great scenic effects. Melodrama and romantic modern drama in general will probably be eventually the special features of its entertainments.

Miss Harriett Jay, authoress of "The Queen of Connaught" and other well-known novels of Irish life, will make her first appearance as an actress at the Crystal Palace, November 17th, in the part of the heroine of the drama, called *The Queen of Connaught*, and in conjunction with Mr. Henry Neville and other leading actors.



**A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.**—When Mr. Justice Hawkins took his seat on the bench at Cambridge Assizes on Tuesday, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, attended by Esquire Bedells, entered the Court, and claimed the right, by ancient custom, to take precedence of the High Sheriff of the County, and to sit on the right hand of the Judge. The High Sheriff, Captain Catling, declined to give way, and, after a long consultation, Justice Hawkins decided that no such right existed, and the Vice-Chancellor left the Court.

**THE LAW OF LIBEL.**—The question as to the duty of a magistrate in relation to criminal actions for libel was again raised the other day at the Mansion House Police Court, where Mr. Montagu Williams, the defending counsel, argued that he had a right to cross-examine the prosecutor on the subject matter of an alleged libel, contending that the decision of the Lord Chief Justice in the "Queen v. Carden" had reference only to the calling of witnesses for the defence. The distinction, which is an exceedingly fine one, was disallowed by the magistrate, Alderman Sir T. Owen, who, however, granted an adjournment, so that the point might be settled on application for a mandamus.

**"OBJECTS OF VERTU AND TASTE."**—This phrase does not, it seems, necessarily include paintings, at least that is the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins in respect of the will of the late Lord Londesborough, who left "all jewels, plate, trinkets, china, and other objects of vertu," to the Baroness absolutely, and his "house, furniture, statuary, and other effects," to her for life only. His lordship decided that, reading these phrases with their context, the intention of the testator was clearly to include the pictures in the "other effects," and not in the "articles of vertu."

**A CURIOUS LEGAL OBJECTION.**—On Thursday, last week, when Lord Justice Lush was about to deliver judgment in the Worcester Election Petition, the counsel for the petitioners made the objection that his jurisdiction had expired on the previous day, and that his successor had come into office. His lordship, however, proceeded to deliver judgment in favour of the sitting members, and it remains to be seen whether an appeal will be made on this marvellously fine point.

**THE PUNISHMENT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.**—The head master of a National School at Westminster has been fined 40s. for

violently boxing the ears of one of his pupils, a boy aged eight. Mr. Partridge, the magistrate who heard the case, said that such a mode of punishment was most improper, and might cause permanent injury, and that caning on the hand, though permitted in some Board Schools, was also a most reprehensible practice, as it might unfit a lad for becoming an artist, or performing any delicate work. Neither of these punishments would be sanctioned in any well-regulated public school, and the children of working people had as much right to tender treatment as those of the wealthy who were brought up at Eton or Harrow.

**OCCASIONAL AND HABITUAL DRUNKARDS** will doubtless hail with delight the new order which has just been issued from Scotland Yard to the effect that they are only to be locked up until sober, and then released on their own recognizances to appear before a magistrate. Should they fail to do so, the cases are to be reported to the Commissioner, who will decide what course to adopt.

**CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.**—Waller, the ex-policeman, has been committed for trial for the double murder at Chislehurst of which he accused himself. At the final examination before the magistrate there was a "scene" in Court, his mother behaving in an extraordinary way, repeatedly calling him her "darling boy," and declaring that he had been insane from his childhood. The crowd outside were very indignant, and would have lynched him had he not been guarded by a strong force of police.—Thomas Wheeler, the St. Alban's murderer, now lies under sentence of death. At the close of the trial on Monday he clung to the dock, muttered the Lord's Prayer, and protested that he was innocent, but he has since confessed that he alone was concerned in the crime, and that his sole object was plunder.—The use of the revolver seems to be growing alarmingly common amongst us. Two cases are reported this week, one at Stockton, where a dismissed workman has severely, if not fatally, wounded his former employer; and the other at the East End of London, where in a public-house brawl, in which a number of men and some women were concerned, shots were fired from a six-chambered revolver, and two persons (one of them a policeman) were wounded.

**FROST-TIME AT THE "ZOO."**—Considering that, of the hundreds of birds and beasts included in the magnificent collection harboured at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, three-fourths hail originally from countries where frost and severe cold are unknown, it is not surprising that the approach of the ice months has a depressing and melancholy effect on our furred and feathered friends of the dens and cages. In the summer time our loathing yields to pity for the poor cobra and his big and little brethren of the serpent tribe panting and perspiring, as it seems, beneath the heavy blankets that cover them; but just now, each with a comfortable rug, and with a bolster of warm shingle to rest its head on, the inhabitants of the snake-house might excite the envy of creatures less cosily provided for. Housed within their well-warmed habitation, the monkeys would be happy enough if they could get some sunshine, but as much cannot be said of others of the animals. The elephant's hide shrinks to his huge carcass, his trunk has a pinched and frost-nipped appearance, while the nose of the rhinoceros seems more wrinkled than it is in genial weather, and its little malicious eyes are redder, as though it were afflicted with a cold in its huge head. The bears from hot climates mope in the corner and breathe on their paws, and the hyenas have a dull and dejected appearance, and they pass the gloomy days in biting at their bars and in moaning for meat. The wolves, their next-door neighbours, on the contrary, are in the best of spirits,—especially the Russian wolves. They have tenacious memories, perhaps, and treasure fond recollections of the snowy Siberian wilderness that was their hunting-ground, their prey being the belated sledge and his plump horses. Their quick eyes twinkle as they observe the falling snow-flakes, and it is easy to guess what is in their minds by the bristling of their fur and the way in which they show their back teeth and loll out their moist red tongues. But the creatures that seem to feel the cold more than any others in the whole collection are the larger birds of prey,—the eagles and the vultures. Their feathers appear to hang loose, and as though with a vigorous shake they could rid themselves of them entirely, and the dullness of ashes is in the eye of mighty King Eagle instead of the kindling fire that, in more favourable seasons, makes his glare so terrible. The keen-visioned vulture who, itself a mere speck in the sky, "spots" unerringly the stricken camel on the sands below, shivers on its perch, and blinks and winks at those who approach its cage as though its eyes were watery with tears of silent sorrow, or else induced by a severe attack of influenza. On the whole, the properest time for "walking in the Zoo" is not when a bitter nor-easter is blowing, and the thermometer marks a few degrees of frost.

**PENNY WISDOM.**—On the 16th of the present month it will be his own fault if the humblest of Her Majesty's industrious subjects does not aspire to the dignity of keeping a banking account. True the sum at first invested may not necessarily involve the use of a cheque-book, by means of which the depositor's autograph may become known to and honoured by banking house counter clerks; but "great results from little causes spring," and it is impossible to predict what great results may ensue on the "penny saved." There is magic in that modest coin, or, if there is not, social economists and the preachers and promulgators of thrift among the lower classes are mistaken. There are more proverbs respecting the saved penny than on any other subject. "A penny a day is a pound a year." "A penny saved is a penny won." "Rich is he who has a penny more," &c.; not forgetting that most popular proverb of the family, and with the parentage of which Poor Richard is credited, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." The royal road of becoming "healthy and wealthy and wise" is to rise early in the morning and drop a penny in the money-box—provided always the money is permitted to remain there. It is not of the least use putting it in one day and taking it out the next, and rising early to do it will not extenuate the foolishness of the act. It is to deprive the working classes of the sore temptation to "break into" their penny savings, and to encourage them to add to them whenever they have the opportunity, that the Government have adopted the penny postage stamp savings system. It has always been regarded as a shortcoming of the Post Office Savings Bank system that it limited the sum receivable to one shilling. A poor man or woman had to "save up" two pence, three "fourpennies," four threepennies, or twelve separate pennies before they held an amount that made them eligible to become a Post Office Bank depositor. Under the new system the pence so put by are preserved from the peril that has hitherto beset them. A card will be provided gratuitously at any post-office, and any one who wishes to save a few halfpence invests them in postage stamps, sticks them on the card, and the deed is done irrevocably. They cannot be taken off again, and, except for their legitimate purpose, are quite useless. When the twelve compartments on the card are each filled with its penny stamp, the whole represents a shilling, and will be so accepted by the Post Office Savings Bank. This novel and attractive method of encouraging thrift amongst the poor has been tried in several parts of the country, and with such satisfactory results that its universal adoption has been resolved on.

**FAILURE OF THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS ACT.**—Of all modern Acts of Parliament few have so signally failed in their application as the Artisans' Dwellings Act. The purpose of its promoters was to ameliorate a great social grievance, and it was generally supposed to be so armed and empowered as to enable it to

accomplish all that was expected or required of it in a prompt and satisfactory manner. The main purpose of the Act was one to which no reasonable man could demur. It was notorious that in almost every part of the metropolis there were back streets and foul "slums" consisting of hundreds of squalid and shamefully neglected houses, overcrowded from kitchen to garret with poor wretches who from one cause or another were unable or unwilling to provide themselves with more decent lodging, but who nevertheless were charged exorbitant sums in the shape of rent by the rapacious house-owners, who never for a moment troubled themselves concerning the way their tenants were compelled to pig together, or what the result might be to the public health, so that they pocketed a handsome profit. It was to abolish such a scandalous condition of affairs that Mr. Cross's Act was launched, duly equipped and provided, and everybody wished it God speed, feeling confident that it would speedily give a good account of its encounter with the enemy. Somehow or another, however, nothing of the kind has as yet happened. On the contrary, even the Act's most sanguine admirers are now obliged to admit that it has done more harm than good. It made a vigorous and promising start. Furnished with unlimited ammunition in the shape of money for compensating purposes, it bought out wholesale those who had been fattening on the muck holes and fever dens, and made a clean sweep of whole acres of polluted ground. The misfortune was that owing probably to what in a report of the Metropolitan Board of Works is called "the slow and cumbrous method of procedure, and the numerous protracted formalities required by the statute," the cleared sites still remain barren, and thousands of the evicted, lacking better accommodation, have found asylum in the surrounding tenements, which consequently are now far more crowded than those condemned and abolished under the Act. In some instances the vacant land in the midst of densely packed neighbourhoods has been lying wastefully idle for four or five years. It is quite true that something is being done in the matter. The Charity Organisation Society, through its influential committee, are petitioning the Home Secretary to give the subject his earliest consideration, and the various parochial authorities are rising in rebellion. A meeting of delegates from several parishes was held a few days since at St. Martin's Hall, and a strongly worded "memorial" to Sir W. Harcourt was agreed on, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Watherston, declaring that the way in which many of the London poor were lodged at the present time was "perfectly brutal."

**SPIRITUALISTIC SYMPATHISERS IN INDIA** are greatly excited by a curious incident lately reported from Simla. According to a statement in the *Pioneer*, signed by nine witnesses, a certain Madame Blavatsky—an ardent spiritualist, and seemingly endowed with singular powers—was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Hume at Simla, when the conversation turned on occult phenomena, and Madame Blavatsky asked Mrs. Hume whether there was anything she would particularly like to recover. After hesitating a little, Mrs. Hume mentioned a quaint brooch she had once given away, and her guest took a coin from her watch-chain, wrapped it in cigarette papers, and put it into her dress, promising shortly to give further news of the brooch. Later in the evening she said the coin was gone, and soon after announced that the brooch would be found in a certain flower-bed. The whole party adjourned to the garden, and after a long search unearthed the identical brooch, wrapped in cigarette-papers. Mrs. Hume declares herself no spiritualist, and alleges that nobody but herself and her husband knew of the brooch, and that she had not thought of it for months. An incredulous reader of the narrative, by the way, subsequently writes to an Indian journal stating that a friend of the Hume family stayed some time ago with Madame Blavatsky.

**THE INSTITUTE OF ART.**—The Second Exhibition lately opened at the Gallery in Conduit Street, like the first, fails to justify the imposing title assumed by its projectors. The pictures in oil and water-colour which occupy the First Room are too weak and purposeless to come within the range of criticism; nor can much fairly be said in favour of the few examples of painting on porcelain. The Exhibition mainly consists of needlework in its various forms; there are several tastefully-embroidered table covers and some elaborately-wrought specimens of lace; but the greater part of the objects shown can scarcely claim to be considered works of art, even in the widest acceptance of the word.

**ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANNE'S SOCIETY.**—An Old Boys' Club in connection with this charity is now being organised. All ex-scholars desirous of joining or aiding the movement are requested to communicate with Mr. John G. Adams, at 69, Cooks Road, Kennington, who has undertaken to give every information respecting the club.

### THE BLUSHING BONNET

"A 'Blushing Bonnet' for the benefit of would-be bashful ladies has lately been invented. Hidden behind the strings are two tiny steel springs, which, by the wearer merely drooping the head, are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries, thus causing a charming blush at any appropriate moment."—*Fashionable Item.*

CHOOSE old-world bard what theme he may

For epic or for sonnet,  
'Tis mine to chant a modern lay  
And sing the Blushing Bonnet.

In past unscientific days  
The girls would blush at random,  
And glow perforce at our young praise  
As through the dance we'd hand 'em.

'Twas then the heart: 'tis now the head—  
Or rather what is on it.  
When blushes natural were fled  
Art gave the Blushing Bonnet.

The "temporals" respond, you see,  
Each time your sweet brow bent is.  
(Did Phyllis know anatomy  
When I was in my twenties?)

Away with rouge! The "tell-tale blood"  
Obeys where'er you don it—  
This crown of vestal maidenhood—  
This bashful Blushing Bonnet!

At will unmoved you may remain,  
Or feign confusion gentle,  
The "eligible" to retain,  
Or snub the "detrimental."

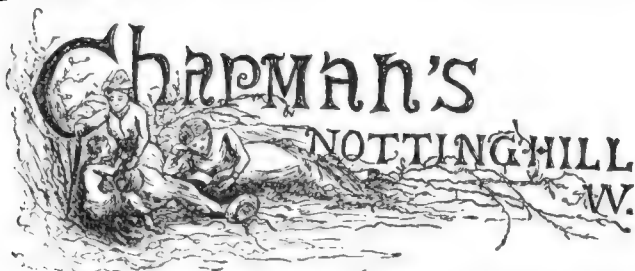
And since on bashfulness we're bent  
We'll fast improve upon it,  
And other coy coiffures invent  
Besides the Blushing Bonnet.

We'll aid the modest demoiselle  
And eke the matron fisky  
Their soft embarrassment to tell  
When talk or play grows "risky."

Then here's a text for all who'd gush  
In epic or in sonnet—  
'Twas not before we'd cause to blush  
Appeared the Blushing Bonnet.

GORDON GUN





## LYONS SILK DRESS VELVETS.

5s. per Yard under Value. PURE LYONS SILK GOWN VELVETS, 8s. 11d. per yard; GOOD BLACK SILK VELVET, 19 in. wide, 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. per yard; COLOURED GOWN VELVETS, 19 in. wide, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 8s. 11d. per yard.

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WORTH'S PATENT FAST PILE.  
GUARANTEED FAST PILE.  
Registered Trade Mark, "Eternum Manebit."  
EXTRACT FROM "MYRA,"

Sept. 1, 1880.  
"The great popularity of VELVETEEN, a popularity which seems in no danger of fading, has incited manufacturers to improve the fabric in every possible way. Mr. Chapman, of Notting Hill, is now supplying a new make of this old favourite from the looms of Messrs. Collinges and Hallworths of Manchester, and termed the Fast Pile Velveteen. It is exceedingly strong and durable, and may be rubbed, brushed, or even scoured at the back with impunity. The pile is close and erect, the colours such as those required for fashionable dresses should be—that is, they include all the new shades now worn—and the black velveteens are really black and have the bloom of velvet. The Fast Pile Velveteen costs in colours 3s. 6d. per yard; the velveteen in black has a long range of prices, from 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yard."

**LOUIS VELVETEEN,**  
which is sold by me at the wholesale tariff, by the box of about 33 yards, viz., 1s. 10½d., 1d. per yard extra for cutting short lengths. All qualities kept in stock up to 45s. 6d. Genoa, Fast Pile, &c.

**THE QUEEN says:**  
"The Louis Velveteen is capital."

**COLOURED CORDED VELVETEENS.**  
For the Autumn and Winter Seasons. Made in all the Newest Colours. 26 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. per yard.

**VIGOGNE DE L'INDE.**  
This is a Specialty of mine, of the real Indian Chutney, which appearance, which is sold at 1s. 6d. per yard. I particularly wish to draw attention to the beautiful quality of this Cloth. It is remarkably soft, and has a light woolly surface, is very durable, and most agreeable wear. To many ladies, who have a horror of a heavy dress, this will be a most acceptable material. 25 inches wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

**SERGES for giving away, reduced**  
to 6½d., stout or fine.  
Welsh Serge, in all colours, reduced to 7d., good quality.  
Extremes Serge, reduced to 1s., sold everywhere at 1s. 6d.  
Deronsire Serge, reduced to 1s. 3d., sold everywhere at 2s.  
Exquisite Serge, reduced to 1s. 2d.

**TWILLED LLAMAS.**  
For cheap House Dresses a most desirable material. All good useful colorings, and very durable. For children's wear is particularly recommended, making strong useful School Dresses, 26 in. wide, 6d. per yard. In Plain and Heather Mixtures.

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1, 3, AND 5, PORTLAND ROAD, W.  
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**HENRY CAPT'S Geneva Watches.**  
REPEATERS, SPECIALITY,  
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HENRY CAPT is the only manufacturer in Geneva having a branch retail house in London. Every watch sold by him is guaranteed of his own manufacture, and none but the best quality are kept.  
Special Workmen for Repairs.  
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FINE APPLES.—Direct importations received weekly. A CASE OF CHOICE CANADIAN APPLES, high coloured and of fine flavour, delivered free at any Railway Station in United Kingdom within a radius of one hundred miles from London, on receipt of 2s., or beyond that distance, 3s. P.O. Order or Cheque on London Bankers.  
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By this simple process windows may be quickly and richly decorated. Priced Lists with instruction free.—London: WM. BARNARD, 119, Edgware Road.

SEND YOUR NAME, DIRECTION,  
**MONOGRAM, OR  
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With 5s. 6d.,  
AND YOU WILL GET  
SAFE BY POST  
**THE BRELOQUE.**

A CHASTE AND USEFUL DOUBLE SILVERED  
OR GILT  
**BUOY LOCKET OR WATCH  
PENDANT FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN,**  
bearing a Self-Inking Rubber Stamp ever ready to  
imprint any thing and everything, keeps moist for months.

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Special Credits, Names,  
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**THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN ENGLAND.**

The present low market value of Silk is becoming a serious matter to all concerned in the manufacture. Many of the large Lyons weaving firms are working their mills at a loss. This condition of things should be eagerly seized by the public.

Corded Silks of good sound quality at s. d.  
less than the value of woollen goods 1 9 per yard.  
An extra quality of the same make 2 9  
Handsome Gros Grain, equal in value  
to many that are sold at 4s. 6d., for 3 9  
Very Rich quality, at 4 9  
A superb Faillie 5 11  
In better times the latter quality is sold at 7s. 11d.

I have bought very largely during this depression, and secured an immense Stock of all qualities in value over  
**£20,000.**

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Among Plain Woollen Fabrics will be, if possible, more popular than ever. These genuine favourites are produced for the autumn in many new and beautiful colours; some fine tones in Blues, Greys, Heliotropes, and Reds are special features among the New Patterns.

The quality at 1s. 6½d. is of excellent value.  
At 1s. 11½d. an extra width, and equally good.  
That at 2s. 3d., made of the best long staple wool, is superior in weight to any yet sold at the price; and the finest produced is 2s. 11½d. per yard.

**CASHMERIENNE.**

This is an exquisitely fine Woollen Fabric, with a marked twill on either side; is particularly pure both in quality and dye, and specially adapted for "demi-saison" toilets. The colours are very good, including the new shade, called "Sand of the Desert," also Heliotrope, and twelve other new and choice shades. The width of this capital cloth is 26 inches, and the price 15½d. per yard.

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The New Cheviot Tweeds are exceedingly pretty, many excellent mixtures or combinations of colours will tend to make these Tweeds most fashionable. They make up into such charming costumes, and are so useful that, for country wear in particular, many ladies elect to choose them in preference to other fancies that have greater novelty for recommendation. They vary in width and price, at 11½d. per yard, marvellously cheap, 26 inches wide; at 13d. per yard, 27 inches wide; at 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 inches wide.

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BREWERTON'S TEA. . 2s. 6d.  
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"Delicious tea."  
"A blend of some of the finest India and China growths."  
"Excellent quality."  
"Be found most economical."  
"Fine, strong, and of a choice and delicate flavour."  
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"Preserves the aroma as when first boxed in China."  
"Splendid tea without extravagance."  
"Proves very acceptable."  
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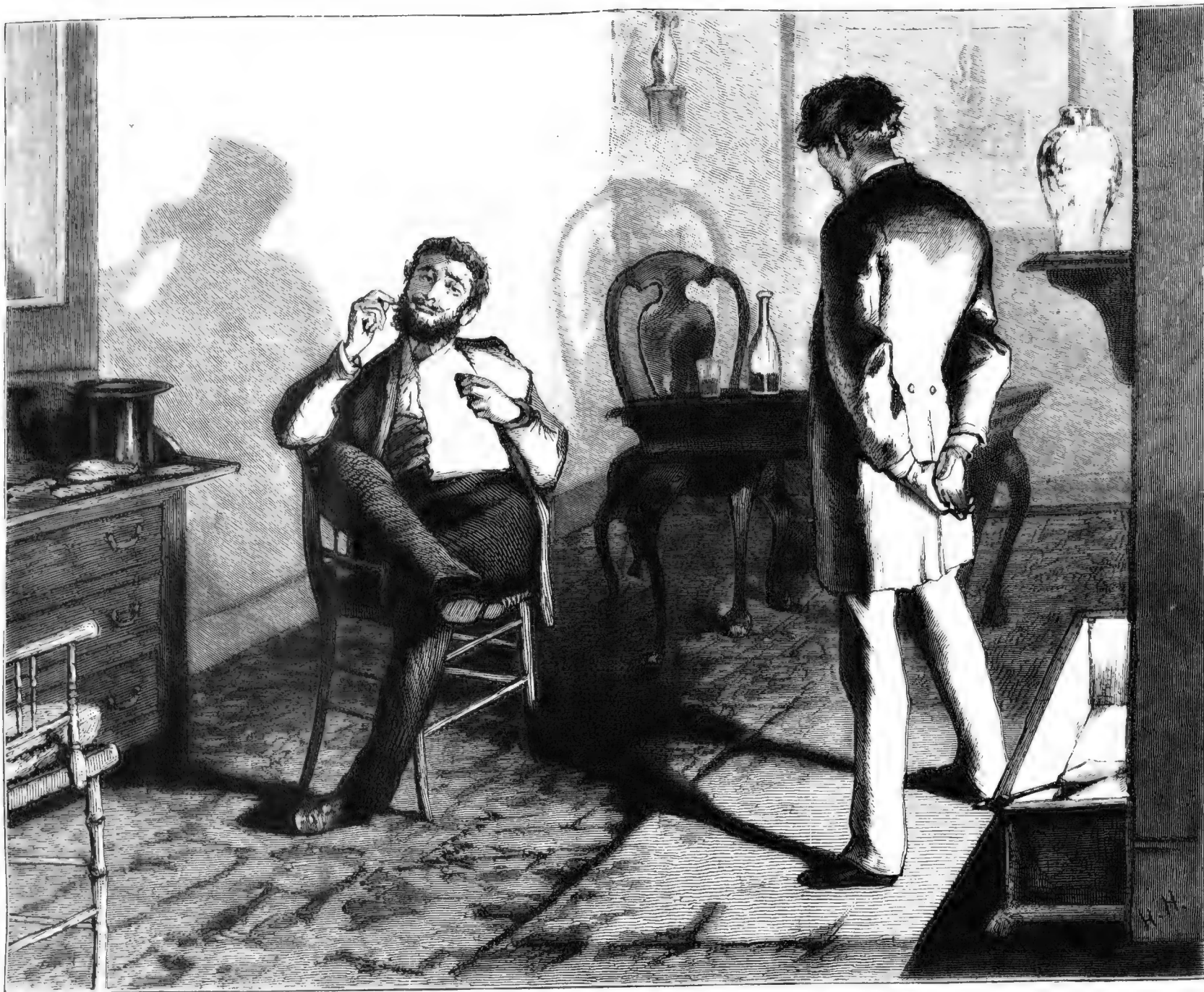
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"Who are you, Mr. Fellowes?"

## A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

### III.

"THIS interview, as you may suppose, changed my purpose of settling in the village; I wanted to be off again, and to be off as far as possible. That night, before I went to bed, I determined to put up my house and farm for sale, and meanwhile to put the thickness of the earth between me and Constance.

"But the next morning I modified this intention somewhat. The truth was, of course, that I lacked courage to definitely see the last of her before circumstances should make it compulsory; but equally of course, I was fertile in sophistries to disguise that weakness. I said to myself that it would be undignified to run away headlong because a girl had refused to marry me. I owed it to my self-respect to prove that I could live without her. Besides, I was curious to see how this affair would turn out; whether Mr. Cambryn Fellowes would actually appear as he had promised, and, if so, whether he would talk as confidently as he had written. My private opinion concerning him was that he was an adventurer, who was speculating upon the folly of Mrs. Cambryn as revealed in her newspaper advertisements. Probably, therefore, he would merely attempt to get some money out of her, and then, whether successful or not in his design, decamp. I was curious to see how Mrs. Cambryn would conduct herself upon that. Could she abandon her schemes, or would she try some other method? Whatever she did, I told myself, I should lose nothing by waiting. Anything might happen; among other things, she might lose or relinquish her extraordinary influence over her daughter. That it was an unlawful, an abnormal influence I was convinced; it was exercised by dint of some occult power which, a hundred or two years ago, would have put Mrs. Cambryn in danger of being burnt as a witch. As this idea crossed my mind, I came near wishing that we had been born in the seventeenth century. Poor Constance! for such wrongs as hers, what punishment would be too severe? There could be no doubt that she had been constrained to act and speak in opposition to her own will. I began to consider whether a forcible elopement might not be my most righteous course under the circumstances. Would not the law, upon such evidence as I could adduce, declare her mother to be not a fit and proper person to be entrusted with the care of her? Might this not be worth trying? If I could only get Constance away—beyond her mother's reach, I felt sure that she would turn wholly to me, and be glad to forget all else.

"For about a week, during which I remained on my farm, I neither heard nor saw anything of the Cambryns; but at the end of

that time I was astonished to receive a note, written by Constance herself, inviting me to supper at their home on the following evening. No allusion was made to our last interview; she wrote as if no such crisis had occurred. 'Her mother sent her regards.' It was very strange. Had Mrs. Cambryn reconsidered her behaviour? Was she coming to her senses? Be that as it might, I was not long in making up my mind to accept the invitation.

"Accordingly, at the appointed time, I walked over to the house. It was in October, and the evenings were long; at half-past six it was entirely dark. The lamps were not lit in the room which I entered, and at first I could distinguish nothing. Then a figure arose, and spoke in Mrs. Cambryn's voice bidding me good evening. I could now perceive a presence which I knew to be Constance; and with her I also exchanged greetings. Then there was a momentary pause. I had an obscure sensation that there was some one else in the room; but I could see no one.

"Mr. Blount, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cambryn Fellowes," said Mrs. Cambryn. 'Mr. Fellowes arrived from England yesterday: Mr. Blount, Mr. Fellowes.'

"Hereupon there was a movement in a part of the room near where Constance was sitting; Mr. Fellowes had apparently risen, and may, for aught I know, have been making me a bow. 'Happy to see you, Mr. Blount,' he said, in an easy and somewhat resonant tone. I judged from the sound that he might be a man of forty; and I imagined him as of a bluff, bulky aspect, with a red beard and a florid complexion.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," I said; 'I can hear you but I can't see you.'

"There is a great deal in a voice," returned he; 'a face may mislead, a voice seldom.'

"Still, faces are useful."

"Oh, decidedly!" said he with a laugh; a quick, noisy laugh that was soon over and not contagious. "Yes, decidedly faces are useful, if only to kiss our sweethearts on!"

"It appeared to me that this person had contrived to make himself very much at home in a comparatively short time. I said no more; but at this juncture the servant brought in the astral lamp. My eyes fell first on Constance. She was shading her face from the light with her hand; her colour seemed to be higher than usual. Then I looked at Mr. Cambryn Fellowes.

"He was not at all like what I had imagined. He was a rather short and slightly-built man, with thick black hair, small black eyes, and a pale complexion. Nevertheless, he was not unhandsome; I could conceive that a woman might think him attractive. He was well dressed, and he carried with him a certain air of good-breeding, and the look of a man of the world. I must confess that, from what

I had heard him say before I saw him, I had expected him to turn out a much more vulgar-looking person than he now seemed to be. He was considerably under forty, evidently; he might have been no more than thirty, as far as I could tell. His get-up was more English than his cast of countenance; upon the whole, I put him down as a gentleman's son and a Cockney. A man of some ability, without doubt, and thoroughly master of such abilities as he had. His eyes were the blackest I ever saw, and very intense in their regard. I did not like them or him at all.

"We conversed, all of us, for a while, on general topics; supper was presently announced, and we gathered round the little table. Mr. Fellowes and Mrs. Cambryn were the principal talkers. The former had much to say on every subject, and said it cleverly and with *aplomb*. His voice always surprised me, it was so full and assured, and his periods were so voluble and easy. He favoured me with a good deal of attention; I saw that he was taking my measure, and I was foolish enough to be rather gratified at his seeming to find some difficulty in making me out. Towards Constance he adopted a jocular air of gallantry; as if he considered her to be an ordinary pretty girl, such as he had been accustomed to see all his life, and not to consider of especial importance. His line with Mrs. Cambryn, on the other hand, was respectfully complimentary; he had already discovered that she prided herself upon her understanding, and he flattered her upon that score with no little discretion and ingenuity. They were manifestly on the best of terms with each other.

"What a grand country this is!" exclaimed Mr. Fellowes, with his loud firm voice. "Thanks, Mrs. Cambryn—one more baked apple, please; and perhaps Mademoiselle will favour me with the cream-jug. A grand country. Always been my desire to come here. Your stump orators are in the right, Mrs. Cambryn; it is the country of the future!"

"The future is nothing without the past," said the lady.

"True! remarkably true. Yes, where would America be if it hadn't been for England? Very true. Still, you know, here America is, an accomplished fact—a palpable existence; here she is, and I like her! The land of the future. Have you been over on our side of the Atlantic, Mr. Blount? Yours is a good old English name."

"It won't do to judge people in America on the testimony of their names," I said. "It is very easy to get your name changed here, and to sail under borrowed colours."

"Dear me! really!" rejoined Mr. Fellowes, with his abrupt laugh. He was looking into the cream-jug as he spoke; but a moment later he looked up and sent me a remarkably keen glance. "Well, Blount is a fine old name, you know," he added.



"Mr. Blount mustn't give you a wrong impression," put in Mrs. Cambryn. "He comes from one of the first families of Virginia. His ancestors fought side by side with Washington and Lee in our Revolution. They are as old as the Cambryns, I dare say."

"Oh, Cambryn is Welsh—we are Welsh, you know," returned Mr. Fellowes. "He again glanced at me as he said 'we.' 'The Welsh, you know, are the real *bona fide* old Britons,—they and the Cornish men. Yes, we are Welsh.'"

"You are a relation of Mrs. Cambryn, I have heard," said I.

"Yes; I'm a relation, I'm happy to say. My mother was a niece of Mr. Cambryn, not Edward Cambryn,—the English Cambryn. That makes me a sort of cousin, I fancy. Miss Constance, you are my American Cousin!—Ever see Sothorn, Mrs. Cambryn? Immense actor—immense! Or perhaps you don't care for the Drama?"

"Oh, I approve of good acting," Mrs. Cambryn said. "When we go to Boston or New York we generally visit some theatre. But I don't think Americans make quite such a business of theatre-going as I believe you do in London."

"Don't know about that; all I can say is, our best actors all come over here, and then the difficulty is to get them back again. The Drama has a grand future in America, I fancy. I've been told, by-the-by, that all American girls go on to the stage for a year or so,—that it's a regular part of their education. Is that true, Miss Constance? Have you ever appeared before the footlights?"

"No," said Constance gravely.

"Mr. Fellowes is joking, of course," interposed Mrs. Cambryn smilingly.

"No, I'm only betraying my insular ignorance," rejoined he, with a commendable absence of embarrassment. "That's one reason I like to be here—I can learn something, and correct false impressions. The greatest actress of modern times—Miss Cushman—was an American lady, you know. So Miss Constance has never felt any histrionic impulses?"

"I did not say that," she replied.

"Mrs. Cambryn continued to smile. 'Constance will, I hope, play a part on a wider stage than that of—than that of a theatre,' she remarked complacently."

"All the world's a stage," quoted Mr. Fellowes. "I am inclined to think my American Cousin will win distinction wherever she appears. I shall always be ready to applaud her, for one."

"Do you know Lord Roscoe?" I inquired.

"Not personally; we're not exactly on terms, if you know what I mean. But apart from the little family affairs that have separated us, I believe he's a capital fellow. He's an English gentleman, if you know what I mean. But perhaps you're acquainted with him yourself?"

"No. But as he is likely to be brought into close relations with Mrs. and Miss Cambryn, I was interested to hear about him."

"Nothing is decided as yet," Mrs. Cambryn interposed. "What I said about Lord Roscoe was only an indication that I bore him no ill-will, and would be willing to recompense him for his dispossession in the only way open to me. So far as we are concerned, it will be immaterial whether Constance is married to him, or to some other English nobleman."

"If you please, Mamma, I would rather not have that subject discussed now," said Constance, with a rather uneasy side-glance at me.

"Miss Constance doesn't wish to anticipate her misfortunes," Fellowes added jocosely. "If she marry a nobleman to-morrow, the less said about it to-day the better!"

"I never wish to be married at all!" exclaimed she, with sudden fire, turning upon him indignantly.

"Oh, I say! that's a little too hard on our sex," protested Fellowes laughing.

"Miss Cambryn may have been thinking less of men in general than of Englishmen in particular," I observed.

"Ah, that's only because she doesn't know us well enough!" was his resonant retort. "When she knows us better, she'll alter her views concerning matrimony. I hope to make you think more kindly of Englishmen before I see the last of you, Miss Constance. They're very jolly sort of fellows when you know them!"

"I did not think unkindly of Englishmen before seeing you," she replied, with a clever ambiguity of phrase scarcely characteristic of her. Fellowes appeared not to perceive the double interpretation of her words, and soon began to talk to Mrs. Cambryn about something else. When supper was over, and we had sat a little while by the open parlour windows, I rose to take my leave.

"I am so glad you came, Mr. Blount," said Mrs. Cambryn, giving me her hand. "I thought you would like to meet Mr. Fellowes."

"It was kind of you to think of that," I replied, not cordially, for I was not in a heavenly humour. "But I fear I shall not be able to profit by it, as I shall be leaving in a few days."

"Don't say that; I should be so sorry!"

"I should think Mr. Blount would wish to leave. It is not a pleasant place. What should he care to stay for?" It was Constance who said this.

"Mrs. Cambryn looked annoyed. 'Certainly Mr. Blount must do what he likes best,' she said. 'Possibly we may meet him again in England.'"

"Possibly you may!" I returned, with a smile. "Good-bye, Constance."

"She put her hand in mine without speaking. Her eyes met mine. Just as she was relinquishing her grasp, she tightened it again suddenly, for a moment; and a strange wild look shone in her eyes. The next moment she withdrew her hand, turned away, and walked to another part of the room, where she sat down. I bowed slightly to Fellowes, and took my departure."

"I could not be sure whether or not I understood the situation, as indicated by the events of this evening. Why had Mrs. Cambryn wished me to meet Fellowes? Was it in order that she might have the triumph of showing me that her expectations of his coming had been fulfilled, and that, in consequence, her further hopes would be gratified likewise? That would be ordinary feminine malice; but Mrs. Cambryn ought to have a deeper motive than that in her actions. Had she wished to assure me anew of Constance's indifference to me? If so, she had not succeeded; I was more than ever assured of the contrary. Could it be, then, that she really desired to resume friendly intercourse with me? But what advantage could come to her from my friendship? Did she believe that she could retain me as a second string to her bow, to be used in case she failed to recover the estates? In that case, she misjudged me; I was perhaps capable of making Constance clope with me; but if I relinquished her so far as to let her begin her pursuit of Lord Roscoe, or of any other man, I was resolved never afterwards to see or speak to her; I had sense enough, I thought, not to play second fiddle to anybody. As to Fellowes, I fancied I comprehended him tolerably well. He had come out here to 'prospect,' his object was to make money—nothing more and nothing else. He might or might not have any grounds for anticipating that Mrs. Cambryn would succeed in her claim; if he did, he would be sure to arrange matters as to secure a good share of the profits to himself; if he did not, he would simply mulct her of as large a sum as her credulity would allow him, and then take himself off. I had not an atom of confidence in his honesty and good faith. He might, as far as I knew or cared, be the 'sort of cousin' of the English Cambryns that he said he was; but I was convinced that he was a black sheep, a detrimental, and that his chief means of existence were his wits. The fact of his evident inability to appreciate the unique

charm and beauty of Constance, not to mention her equally manifest aversion to him,—these considerations, while they were in no sense objectionable to me so far as I personally was concerned, only confirmed my idea of his disreputability. It was not to be supposed that such a man as he could either know the value of a true woman, or be able to render himself acceptable to her."

"While I was meditating thus, and walking slowly homewards, smoking a cigar, I heard a quick step along the road behind me, and a minute afterwards I was joined by Fellowes himself."

"Good evening again, Mr. Blount," said he. "I smelt your cigar as I came on, and I thought I'd take the liberty to get a light from you. What capital cigars you Americans smoke! Thanks very much. My road is the same as yours for half a mile, I think."

"I won't detain you; I like to walk slowly."

"So do I,—when nothing is to be gained by walking fast! Charming people our friends the Cambryns. Old friends of yours I fancy?"

"Chance acquaintances only."

"Oh, I say! If I know anything about women, that young lady would have a different tale to tell. If you're not engaged to her, I fancy it's your fault!"

"At all events, it is none of your business."

"Quite right; but I had no intention to offend. I shouldn't have ventured the remark if I hadn't thought my cousinship to the lady might excuse it. But if I were in love with a girl like that (which is absurd of course—I'm not a marrying man), I would see Lord Roscoe or any other man dashed before I'd let him have her. But it's none of my business, as you say. Well, she'll be a match for a better man than either of us when she's in possession of her estates."

"Much as I disliked Mr. Fellowes, and offensive though his conversation was to me, I thought I might possibly find out something about him which it would be worth while to know, by encouraging him to talk. So I asked him whether he entertained any expectations of the success of Mrs. Cambryn's enterprise?"

"That's a question that I should be forced to say 'Yes' to, as a mere matter of etiquette, apart from private opinion," he replied; "I am counsel for the claimant, you know. But between you and me, Mr. Blount, I may remark that I consider the claim a sound one; and I wouldn't be in my Lord Roscoe's shoes for a good deal. There is no doubt that Edward Cambryn owned the estates; that he made a will; and that this will was in favour of his cousin Philip's heirs or assigns. The only hitch is, to find out where the will has got to. We know that he was in the habit of carrying it about his person; that he was eccentric in his habits; and that he was subject to disease of the heart. Therefore he may have died suddenly anywhere; and the probability is that the will was in his pocket when he died. That's our case as it stands now."

"It doesn't stand very well, then. After forty years, how are you going to find the body? and supposing that done, what likelihood is there that the will would have been allowed to remain with it?"

"Well, there is this in our favour; that if any other party had come into possession of it, we must have heard of it."

"Why so?"

"Simply because the person who had it would have advertised it, or, if he was in want of money, would have sold it by private treaty either to Lord Roscoe or to our friends here. Neither of these things has been done; consequently the inference is that the will is still undiscovered."

"And likely to remain so."

"Well, as touching that—as touching that. . . . You may be aware that our friends here have spiritualistic proclivities?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and they think they can do a good deal with it."

"Are you of their opinion?"

"I don't know that I am more credulous than most men; still, I must say that I have seen some queer things,—some very queer things indeed. My cousin Miss Constance is a medium, I understand. Now, there is such a thing as a trance medium—I believe that is the term; and I have known trance mediums to do some very clever things. I have known them to read a sealed letter; and to tell the place where a bundle of bank-notes was hidden. I call that very clever."

"You have some acquaintance with spiritualism on your own account, I see."

"I have gone into a good many things, Mr. Blount; and I may go into a good many more before I die."

"And you expect that, by using Miss Cambryn as a trance medium, you may get at the whereabouts of this will? Will Mrs. Cambryn authorise that proceeding?"

"I think," said Fellowes slowly, as if weighing his words, "that Mrs. Cambryn would authorise anything that seemed to offer a chance of finding that will."

"By this time we had arrived at my house. During the last two or three minutes, I had come to a certain determination, and I acted upon it without delay."

"Step in a little while, Mr. Fellowes," I said, "and I will give you a pretty fair glass of brandy."

"You are very hospitable; thanks, I will!" I opened the door, and we went in together. I ushered my guest into the dining room, and produced the decanter. Mr. Fellowes helped himself to a moderately stiff glass, sipped it, and then crossed his legs comfortably in his chair. I stood with my back against the mantelpiece, in front of him; having placed the lamp as to throw a good light upon his face."

"Capital brandy," observed Mr. Fellowes; "capital! may I ask you where you get it?"

"It's some I imported from France. Now, as I have answered your question, perhaps you will answer one for me?"

"Delighted! say on!"

"I am going to ask you a question, and then to make a proposition."

"Your exordium is somewhat formal, but I am guileless and tractable.—Capital cognac, indeed!"

"In the first place, I always like to know whom I have to do with. Who are you, Mr. Fellowes?"

"I am a person who is at present strongly disposed to be on good terms with Mr. Blount."

"How long have you been a sort of cousin of Mrs. Cambryn?"

"Ever since I have been able to remember; and that is, ever since I came to a full comprehension of the fact that Mrs. Cambryn existed."

"No one hears you but myself, Mr. Fellowes; there are only two servants in the house, and they are asleep at the top of it."

"I am a very respectable man, and my foremost aspiration is to live respectably. I wish to lead a harmless and upright life. I shall do all my best for my clients, whoever may be so uncharitable as to think otherwise."

"Have you received your retaining fee?"

"Professional etiquette, Mr. Blount—"

"I know; but it need make no difference to you by whom the fee is paid, as long as you get it."

"Well, if that be your American custom—I suppose not."

"How much is it?"

"That depends upon what would be required of me."

"Only that your recollection of the fact of your cousinship should be kept permanently in abeyance, and that you cease to appear in this part of the world, or to hold any communication with any one who lives here."

"That would be very arduous. I could only think of under-

taking it to oblige you. It would really put you under a great obligation. For one thing, it would save you the trouble of vacating the premises yourself. Oh, I have my eyes open; I am not unaware which way the cat jumps! I shouldn't be surprised to learn, for instance (as we say at the Bar), that you would like to convince me of the expediency of taking Mamma Cambryn along with me! What! Ha, ha!"

"It's my business to propose the conditions; all you have to do's to state your terms. As it is getting late, and I am in the habit of going to bed early, I'll thank you to do so at once."

"Really, this precipitation is hardly considerate; I ought to have more time to reflect upon the matter. However, to oblige you, I will put it roughly, at ten thousand pounds; contingent expenses of course not included."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars, Mr. Fellowes. The same to cover all demands, past, present, or to come."

"Ten thousand dollars! Ha, ha! You evidently mistake the sort of man I am. Remember, I have the honour of the English Bar to maintain. I couldn't think of so much at stirring in the matter for less than five thousand quid down!"

"I think the sort of Bar you have been accustomed to stand at, Mr. Fellowes, will excuse you for having obliged me in this instance. However, by way of requiting your courtesy, I will allow you your steamer-passage here and back in addition. It's to take or to leave."

"He took another swallow from his tumbler, and meditated."

"I hardly think it would be worth my while," he said at last. "I really believe in the thing, you see; and all I have told you about it is true. It's a great chance to throw away—for ten thousand dollars."

"Just as you like," I remarked indifferently. "I'm not sure but that I should be a loser by the transaction after all. My prospects are entirely uncertain, while yours, as far as they go, would be sure."

"Say three thousand pounds!"

"No!"

"There was another pause. I leaned back against the mantelpiece with as indifferent an air as I could assume; though I believe, if the fellow had held out, I would actually have given him all he asked. Finally he got up and said,

"I must think about this. You must give me a week to turn it over. I'll tell you my decision in a week. It's a devilish hard bargain!"

"I will give you three days," I replied; "but I give you warning that you may not find me of the same mind at the end of that time. But three days from this hour you may call here again; meanwhile, I advise you to keep out of my way!"

"It's a deuced hard bargain!" he repeated, as I showed him out of the door."

#### IV.

"I DID not leave the house during the three days that followed this interview with Mr. Fellowes. I was not in state of mind to render myself agreeable to my fellow-creatures, still less to take pleasure in their society. I had made the proposal to Fellowes on the spur of the moment; and though I had not much doubt that he would accede to it in the end, it was by no means clear to me whether or not his departure would bring me any nearer to Constance. Mrs. Cambryn would still be in the way; and though, when the truth was revealed about Fellowes, she ought in reason to acknowledge the folly and futility of the whole affair, yet, when a person—and especially a woman—is under the dominion of spiritualism, reason is the last thing to be expected from her. Perhaps this rebuff would only confirm her in her obstinacy. She would regard me as the author rather than the averter of the mischief, and would perhaps decline even to enrich herself at my expense. And I had no ground for hope that Constance would be any less under her mother's influence now than heretofore."

"Nevertheless, I should have the satisfaction of knowing that I had saved them from becoming the victims of a fortune-hunter; and I solaced my ill-humour as well as I could with this idea. I occupied part of my leisure in drawing up a document for Fellowes to sign on the receipt of his ten thousand dollars. It declared that the person calling himself Arthur Cambryn Fellowes did hereby acknowledge that he was a delusion and a snare; that he was not a kind of cousin of the Cambryns, and that his description of himself as an English barrister was purely imaginary; that his sole object in coming to the village of Northmere had been to defraud the inhabitants thereof, or some of them, of their money, by dint of fraud and deception; and that now, in consideration of the sum of ten thousand dollars paid to him, he solemnly engaged under penalties, to take himself instantly out of the way, and never on any account to let himself be heard of again; witness his hand and seal. I wrote and rewrote this until I had got the wording of it to suit me; and then I locked it up in my desk and tried to be patient. But there was no patience in me."

"On the morning of the third day, when my nervousness and irritability were at their height, an unexpected thing happened. I received through the post a large envelope endorsed 'Department of State, Washington, D.C.,' on opening which there appeared an ample spread of foolscap, embellished with seals and stamps of different sizes and colours, together with a writing to the effect that Henry Blount was hereby appointed Consul for the United States at the port of Hamburg, North Germany; and the sooner he repaired thither, the better pleased would Uncle Sam be. At first I was at a loss to conceive how I had happened to become the recipient of such an honour; but presently I recollected that, in a fit of idleness eighteen months before, I had amused myself by applying to the then Secretary of State for some foreign appointment—I cared not what. The matter had subsequently gone out of my mind; I had never expected the application to succeed; and my discovery of Northmere and what it contained, soon afterwards, turned my attention to questions anything but political. Here, however, after all these months, was diplomatic greatness thrust upon me; it came at a pregnant moment! Should I accept it or decline it? I took out the other document, my own composition, from my desk, laid the two side by side, lit a cigar, and pondered. If Fellowes refused to be extinguished, I could hardly do better (after having given him a taste of my Mexican riding-whip) than go and protect the interests of my country at Hamburg. But suppose Fellowes agreed to extinction—what then? Why then, thought I, I will accept it still; for if I succeed in inducing Constance to marry me, we shall be more secure from the attacks of her mother there than here; while if I don't succeed, perhaps a consulship may console me for a broken heart. I shall need something to relieve my feelings upon; and doubtless a bout at scolding dr. Ken sailors would answer as well as anything else. Having arrived at this conclusion, I immediately sat down and wrote off my acknowledgements and respects to Washington; and when I had mailed it, and thus decided my fate for the next few years as far as the public part of it was concerned—after this I slowly devoured my solitary supper, and wondered how soon Mr. Fellowes would ring the door-bell."

"There was a clock in my dining-room (my dining-room and my sitting-room were one in those bachelor days), there was a clock, then, on the mantelpiece, small in size and homely in appearance; but possessing the most exasperatingly self-complacent tick that ever mortal clock had! On this evening the sound was particularly intolerable; and the minute hand moved slowly as if it had undertaken the hour-hand's business, while the latter, so far as I could perceive, did not move at all. In order to put the matter beyond dispute, I at length stopped the pendulum; but now the dead silence was almost worse than the ticking. I walked up and down the room as feverishly as a man who had spent his last penny in a



Nov. 13, 1880

lottery ticket; my nerves felt like violin strings set out of tune; my ears and my faculties were unnaturally on the alert; the clock being stopped I could not measure time; but it seemed to me it must be after midnight. I opened the window and looked out.

"It was a fine October night, cool and still; but there was a haze, which did not amount to cloudiness, over the sky, so that the earth was very dark. The silence was remarkable; I felt inclined to break it with the loudest shout that I could deliver myself of. But no; I would wait till Mr. Fellowes appeared for that; as he walked up the path I would greet him with such a yell as he would not hear again this side the Rocky Mountains. But he did not walk up the path; would he walk up it at all? Was it possible that he would reject the offer, and refuse to sign the laboriously humiliating confession which I had prepared for him? Could it be that, in my unwillingness to be unduly cheated by a blackguard, I had really driven too hard a bargain with him? had really named a less sum than it would be worth his while to accept? Such a thought was unbearable; I would have given him the ten thousand pounds of his original demand twice over, sooner than be defeated by so paltry an error. But pshaw! Of course he would come; I would make him a present of my sentiments at having been kept so long waiting.

"He did not come; never, surely, had he been longer for with labour so unfeigned as on that evening. How still it was! there was not so much as a frog to spare a croak. Hark! was that the sound of a carriage wheel on some remote road? There again! Yes, that was the tire of some belated waggon grinding against a flinty rut a mile away; perhaps two miles. And hark! what was that? a railway whistle? It was curious how much those whistles, when heard from a distance, sounded like a human scream. This one, especially, had sounded very human; nay, I could almost have said, feminine—the scream of a girl, very faint, very far off, but audible. A railway whistle—the scream of a girl; which was it? The railway whistle, of course. Wait a moment, though; there was no railway in the direction from which this sound had seemed to come. The railway was on the other side of the village. True, but it was always difficult to judge from whereabouts a sound of that kind came, whether from before or behind, from this side or from that. Ay, but was there any train at this hour? Not that I knew of. There was a night express to Worcester, but that went at eight o'clock. Well, how did I know that it was not eight o'clock now? The clock had stopped—when? I turned to look at it. The motionless hands marked a quarter before nine. So the night-express theory would not do.

"The grinding of a wheel against a stone; a girl's scream; Fellowes absent from his appointment; what did it all mean? My feverish excitement had suddenly cooled down; I felt remarkably quiet and meditative. I closed the window, took my hat and stick, and leaving the house, walked rapidly in the direction of the Cambryns' farm.

"All the way as I walked I still kept expecting to hear a step coming to meet me along the dark road, and to discern the low active figure of my friend Fellowes, innocently hastening to get his ten thousand dollars. Catastrophes of a really palpable and dramatic kind happen so seldom in a man's life, that his first impulse is to disbelieve in them. But no step came. My own feet rustled sharply amidst the fallen leaves, and sometimes my tread echoed back from the unlighted front of a lonely wayside house; but no one besides myself was stirring. The whole world seemed asleep, or deserted by its inhabitants; but I was wide awake enough to make up for a world of lethargy. Was it midnight, or after? Was I losing irrevocable time, or was I making a fool of myself? Impossible to know yet; but I should know soon.

"Turning the corner of the little plot of pines, I came in view of the house at last; the parlour windows were alight. At first, this gave me a feeling of relief; there is something reassuring in the sober illumination of a household lamp. But I immediately reflected that a light at this time of night in a house whose inmates kept such early hours as did the Cambryns was a phenomenon to be surprised at, rather than a circumstance to be gratified by. Next came the thought—perhaps they are having a *séance*! Spiritualistic *séances* were, to be sure, generally held in the dark; but this might be an intermission; or the spirits might have taken their leave for the night. If so, and if Fellowes were with them, I should encounter him when he came out. I waited in this expectation for several minutes.

"But nothing happened; no change took place; no figure crossed the windows or appeared at the door. By and bye I came forward from the gate, where I had been standing, and approached the house. When I got near the porch, I found that I lacked courage to knock at the door, and end my misgivings at once; and not without a sense of self-contempt, I found myself stealing across the grass-plot to take a peep through the casement. Partly screening myself behind a standard rosebush, I looked cautiously in. There was only one person in the room,—Mrs. Cambryn. She was sitting with her back to the window, in a low chair, and was apparently reading; but after I had stared at her for a while, in a state of mind which my increasing dismay rendered for the moment little better than idiotic, she moved uneasily, and presently turned in her seat, and I saw her face, with distended eyes, gazing fearfully out at me. She could not, of course, discern any object outside the window-pane; the vacancy of her gaze was evidence enough of that; but she seems to have felt my look; and the sinking at my own heart was reflected in her own stealthy and terrified expression. And yet—it might be all my imagination! At all events, I would hear the suspense no longer; so I approached the window and rapped upon it briskly."

END OF PART II.



## THE FRENCH GALLERY

THE Exhibition which Mr. Wallis opened to the public on Monday last, though not the best that we have seen at this Gallery, is one of at least average merit. The small *genre* pictures and landscapes of which it mainly consists are for the most part well-selected and good examples of the class to which they belong, and there are besides a few large pictures of great artistic value. The first of these that we encounter is a life-sized figure of a youthful acolyte seated on the ground, cleaning a silver crucifix, called "Preparations for the Festival" (24), by Madame Henriette Browne. The picture, besides being very rich in tone, is forcible in effect, and at the same time harmonious; and this result is secured by the most legitimate means, by a just balance of light and shade, and a well-considered scheme of colour. In every way it is in excellent keeping; all the accessory objects, as well as the figure, are painted with masterly breadth and imitative skill, but everything keeps its place; no detail is neglected, and none thrust into undue prominence.

The largest picture in the collection, and the most impressive, is "Les Evénements de Jumièges" (65), by M. Evariste Luminai, which attracted a great amount of attention at the Paris Salon this year. The subject is derived from a somewhat apocryphal legend to the

effect that "Clovis II., having conquered his rebellious sons, destroyed the tendons of their legs by fire, placed them in a barge, and abandoned them to the current of the Seine." In consequence of the horrible nature of the subject the picture is not likely to achieve the wide-spread popularity, but the taste and judgment, as well as the widely-spread popularity, but the taste and judgment, as well as the great dramatic power which it displays, are unquestionable. The two Princes, their mutilated limbs bandaged, and partially covered by a richly embroidered coverlet, lie side by side on the barge which is drifting down the stream. One of them seems to have lapsed into a state of unconscious torpor, while in the livid face of the other mental agony and despair, combined with physical torment, are forcibly expressed. Horrible as the subject is, the artist has treated it so artistically that it excites pity rather than disgust. The rich costumes of the victims, and the stately trappings of the barge, provided in mockery of their misery, add to the tragic intensity of the scene, while the gloomy grey sky, the forbidding aspect of the landscape, and the sombre tone of colour which pervades the picture, are in perfect keeping with the sentiment of the subject. It remains to add that the figures, which are very much foreshortened, are drawn with the knowledge and skill of a practised master of design, and that the picture is painted throughout with extraordinary breadth and firmness.

A picture of moderate size by M. Th. Sadé, "The Fisherman's Dole" (33), representing a group of poor peasants waiting by a fishing-boat for their accustomed dole of superfluous fish, is marked by truth of rustic character, simplicity of style, and sober harmony of colour, but it suggests a comparison, necessarily to its disadvantage, with a well-known picture by Israëls of the same subject. Another characteristic scene of Dutch life is to be seen in "A Fisherman's Family, Scheveningen" (164), by B. J. Blommers. It is a good example of the work of a very unequal artist, simple in treatment and luminous in colour. In the two small pictures by G. Von Bochman, "Market Day, Hungary" (63), and "Scheveningen" (194), landscape and figures hold an equal place, and with great art the different elements are blended into a homogeneous and harmonious whole. Besides being true to nature in general effect and in detail, they are executed with extraordinary dexterity and *finis*. We cannot, however, fail to note a slight tendency to blackness, a deficiency of reflected light and colour in the shadows. The same fault is much more strongly marked in an otherwise agreeable and well-painted picture, "A Serenade" (20), by M. G. Ferry. A small Holbeinesque half-length portrait of "A Lady of the 17th Century" (107), by F. A. Kaulbach, is worthy of close examination. The face, which is one of refined beauty, is admirably drawn and modelled, and every detail of the costume is finished with supreme care and completeness. "Stradivarius" (108) and "Guarnierius" (108), are the inappropriate titles affixed to two small pictures by E. Zimmerman, each representing a monk of the most jovial type puzzled by the conflicting attractions of music and wine. One while he fiddles casts a longing eye on the bottle, and the other hugs his beloved instrument to his breast as he takes a draught of wine. Both heads are characteristic, and instinct with vitality and humour. The fact that they are too obviously painted from the same model may, however, detract somewhat from their value as companion pictures. But for its qualities of colour and execution the small picture by P. Beyle, "Church and State" (155) would have no claim to notice; the head of the aged monk is feeble in character and utterly inane, and that of the courtier with whom he is conversing is not much more expressive; nor is there any especial significance in their gestures; but the general tone is excellent, the various local tints well chosen and fine in quality, and it is painted with rare ability—with a touch at once firm, pliant, and delicate. Landscape art holds a comparatively unimportant place in the present collection, but the works of K. Heffner, and especially his large sea-coast picture, "A Rift in the Cloud" (42), in which the effect of a gleam of sunshine breaking through a stormy sky is rendered with surprising fidelity, are entitled to the highest commendation. The marine pictures by T. Weber and the snow-scenes by L. Munthe are also excellent works. The English landscapes comprise "A Pool on the Llugwy, North Wales" (13), a scene of great natural beauty admirably painted by Mr. B. W. Leader; a conscientious and careful study of rocks "On the Cornish Coast" (84), by Mrs. Val. Bromley; and some small but very meritorious pictures by H. Dawson and L. Pickering.

## MR. A. TOOTH'S GALLERY

IN the Winter Exhibition at the Gallery, No. 5, Haymarket, foreign art largely predominates; but among the pictures by English artists there are some of unquestionable merit. Foremost among these is a large work by Mr. F. Holl, A.R.A., "Besieged," representing a picturesque rustic interior, with a peasant woman watching with alarm a troop of foreign soldiers who are seen passing her cottage window. Besides being, like all the artist's works, forcible in effect and painted with masterly breadth of touch, it is remarkable for the natural and expressive movements of the figures. Strikingly true to Nature is the little girl who fearfully clings to her mother, and not less so the younger child, who, with the happy unconsciousness of extreme youth, is placidly eating a basin of porridge. By Mr. B. W. Leader there is a large upright landscape, "A Stream from the Hills," carefully studied in all its details, and vividly suggestive of the freshness of early spring; and a smaller work, "A Green Lane, Capel Curig," of almost equal merit. The only valuable part of the unnecessarily large picture, by Mr. Peter Graham, A.R.A., is the group of Highland cattle; the green rushes from which the startled birds are flying are terribly crude and metallic in colour, and the sky poor in tone. Mr. J. Syer's "Landscape, with River," on the contrary, is true to Nature, rich and harmonious in colour, and in excellent keeping.

A picture realising a domestic incident of the simplest kind, "An Accident," by Mr. P. A. J. Dagnan, a young French painter hitherto unknown in England, is noteworthy for its finished execution, and more so for the accurate perception which it shows of the expressiveness of unconscious gestures. Nothing in its way could be better than the face and figure of the young doctor, who with tender care is binding up the wounded hand of a boy, or than those of his patient who, by a determined effort, is trying to suppress any outward evidence of pain. The subordinate figures are good studies of character, and the colour throughout the picture, though not of the finest quality, is well arranged and harmonious.

There is no dramatic interest in M. L. L'Hermite's picture of "A Cobbler's Shop;" but the figures are natural, and the scene as a whole has a striking air of reality, due chiefly to its truth of tone and the effect of suffused light which pervades it. A very picturesque scene of Italian life is that depicted by Carl Schloesser in "Dolce far Niente, Palermo." The figures are admirably grouped, and, as well as the landscape background, are painted with masterly skill. The different elements of the composition are in perfect harmony, and, despite a slight tendency to blackness in the shadows, the picture is entitled to high commendation.

The rustic interior, "The First Charge," by Josef Israëls, is greatly inferior to other works of the same class that he has exhibited; nor, except some fine qualities of colour, is there anything to admire in B. J. Blommers' group, "The Happy Home;" the drawing is very incorrect, especially as regards the hands and feet, and the execution terribly loose and careless. Among several small examples of the modern Spanish school, a characteristic figure of an old man poring over a manuscript, called "The Bookworm," by Jimenez Aranda, and a brilliant sketch of "Torreros Waiting to Enter the Arena," by Garcia y Ramos, are the most noteworthy.

## SCOTLAND AS IT ISN'T

BY A SCOT ABROAD

AT the risk of being accused, in Hibernian fashion, of laying another burden on Ireland's overweighted shoulders, I must, as a Scotchman, emphatically decline to allow her a monopoly of "wrongs." I do not now refer to the legislative neglect which postpones our Parliamentary business till the small hours of the night, and compels the Lord Advocate—when he is fortunate enough to have a seat—to address half-empty and somnolent benches; nor have I at present to deal with the other material wrongs which we daily endure at the hands of the brutal Southron. There is another grievance—more sentimental, possibly, but none the less galling on that account—which the Scot has too long borne in silence, but which he may seize the opportunity of advancing while afflicted nationalities, from Dublin to Dulcigno, are receiving an unusual measure of attention. If, in pleading the cause of my country, I should occasionally seem Hamlet-like to speak daggers, I would impress upon the timid Englishman that we have no intention of using skeinthus, or even thistles. We are an orderly and law-abiding people; but we like fair play, and our present grievance is this. A considerable number of modern novelists and playwrights seem to have banded themselves together to shadow forth to the world Scotland as it isn't. It is true that, evilly entreated as we Scots are, our wounds have not the additional sting of being inflicted by our own brethren. Scott and Galt did not in their time, nor does Mr. Black in our ours, think it necessary to work with a monstrous brush, or to employ unnaturally vivid colours in painting the land we live in and the people who live in that land. It is not so with the national novelist of the sister isle; and many Irishmen to this day are less anxious to insist upon Charles Lever's genius than to point out that his earlier stories must be taken as nothing but amusing caricatures of the life and manners they profess to describe.

If Scotsmen, however, have in general refrained from playing the traitor by lampooning their country, the work has been very effectually performed for them by others. It would be easy to compile a most interesting "Guide to Scotland as it Isn't and Never Was," from English shelves of avowed fiction and professed fact. The average English novelist, when he pays us the compliment of laying his scene north of the Border, sits down to his work with the most refreshing indifference to the "unities" of manners, customs, and dialect. He is ignorant, and he is blissful in his ignorance. His descriptions are naked of any resemblance to reality, and he is not ashamed. He either considers that Scotland is so remote and unknown a country that his want of knowledge will never be discovered by his readers, or, as is more probable, it does not occur to him to trouble himself about the matter. The masters of fiction are tarred with the same brush as the journeymen and apprentices; and if Thackeray and Lytton held up a cracked mirror to Nature in this matter, it would be unreasonable to expect less illustrious *specula* to be without flaw. If an example be wanted it may be found in an author who deservedly occupies a front place in the literature of the day. One of Mr. Charles Reade's earliest novels was called "Christie Johnstone," the heroine being a Newhaven fisher-girl. Now, no Scotchwoman ever answered to the name of "Christie." "Kirsty," as a contraction for "Christina," we know, but not Christie. Christie's dialect and surroundings are about as appropriate as might have been expected from her name. Mr. Reade's latest effort in the same line occurs in the novelette called "A Hero and Martyr," which he contributed a few years ago to a London newspaper. The story was a highly embellished account of certain passages in the life of a Glasgow weaver, and the *patois* put into the mouth of its somewhat tarnished hero would have sadly puzzled the poor old fellow had he been able to read it.

Coming to the smaller fry of fiction, we cannot expect them to be in this respect better than their betters. Thus we are not surprised when one lady novelist introduces us to the "churchwarden" of a Scotch parish, or when another describes "haggis and whisky" as the every day diet of a Highland cottar. The former writer evidently thinks she puts herself all right in matters ecclesiastical by constantly talking of "the Kirk" in happy ignorance of the fact that the word is seldom seriously used nowadays by educated Scotchmen. Of the jargon put into the mouths of the churchwarden's constituents—the consumers of whisky and haggis—what shall I say? There is generally a little of the dialects of various districts of Scotland, from Aberdeen to Ayrshire, with a great deal of some unknown *patois* which the ingenious inventor would do well to secure by patent or copyright. Psalmanazar invented a language; why should not Mrs. Fitzquill?

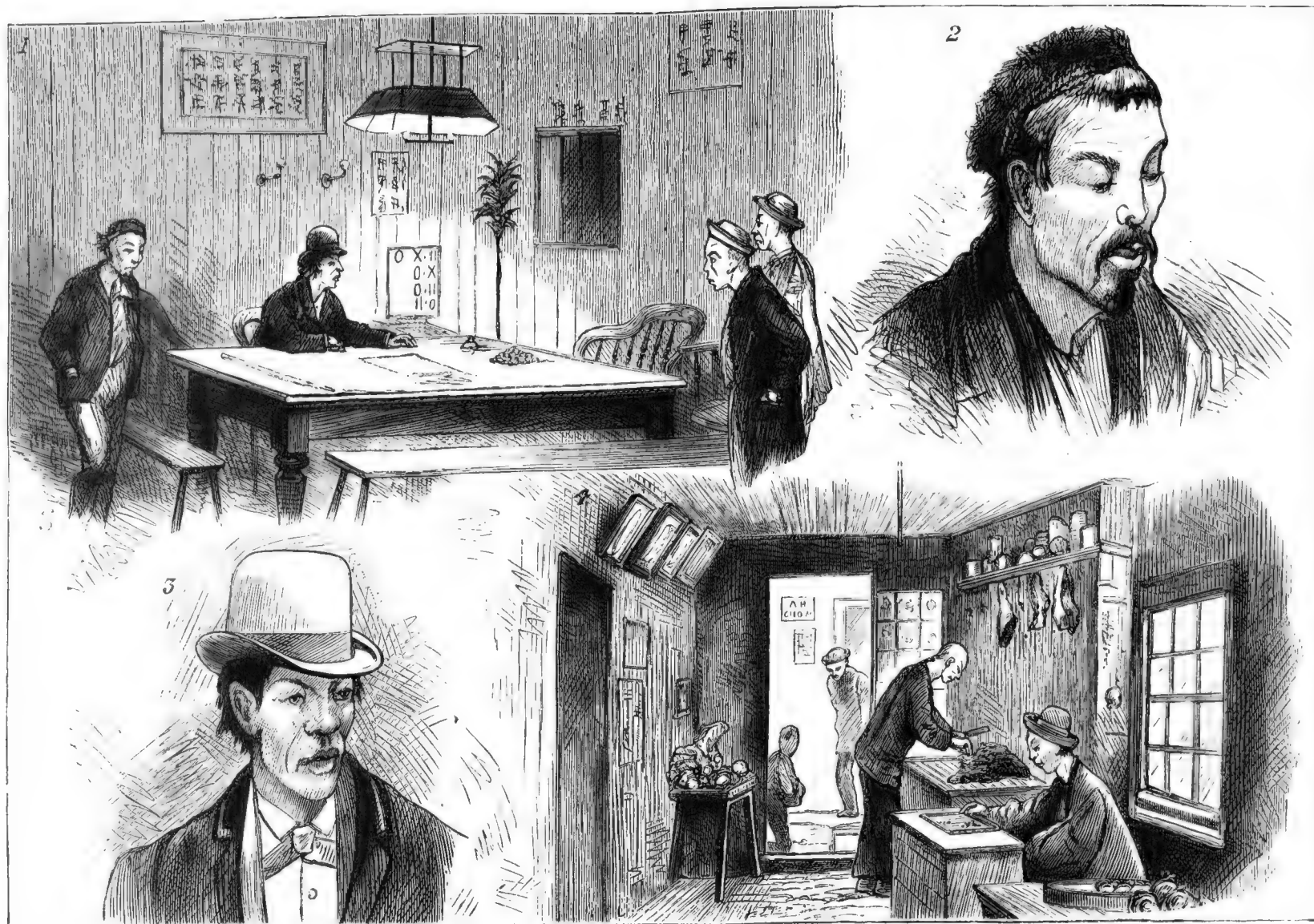
Less adventurous spirits do not risk their frail craft on the sea of dialect, but content themselves with sprinkling their pages, by way of national colouring, with such substantives as "tryst" and "gloaming," and with adjectives like "bonny," "braw," and "canny,"—the last being generally misused. A favourite device, too, is to introduce an occasional character as "Mac So-and-So of that ilk," not because he is Mac So-and-So of that ilk, but because the mysterious phrase "sounds well," and is supposed to apply to all Scotchmen indiscriminately.

The novelist, however, does not occupy his bad eminence alone. He has the society of his fellow-workers, the playwright, the actor, and the draughtsman. Nay, he frequently has a companion from what are generally considered less imaginative regions. When a London journalist—I speak with all due reverence—undertakes to enlighten his readers upon Scotland and the Scotch, he seldom succeeds so completely that his articles not only impart information to his Southern readers, but are entire revelations to those in the North. Some years ago a famous review devoted a portion of its valuable space to describing the city of Glasgow, which was thrown into quite a state of excitement by the novel and startling information conveyed to its citizens. Scotland as it appears on the English stage is to the native an equally interesting revelation. Nomenclature, dialogue, and costume are alike happy surprises to the unsophisticated Caledonian in the pit. When the blind dramatist leads the blind actor it is small wonder that both fall into the ditch. Then, have we not all witnessed the "grand Scotch ballet," in which a novel version of the Highland Fling is danced by a young lady attired in a white muslin skirt, a tartan scarf, and a plumed bonnet, and confidently believed to be a counterfeit presentment of the "bonny lassie" as she appears in the intervals of feeding her father's flocks on the Grampian hills?

The artist—that variety of him, at least, who used to draw landscapes for the defunct "albums," and who now illustrates guide-books and cheap editions of the poets—appears to take his idea of Scottish costume from the stage, or else from the wooden "Highlanders" that linger outside old-fashioned snuff-shops. Give him a Renfrewshire landscape or a street in Edinburgh to draw, and he will not be happy unless he places in the foreground at least one conventional "Scotchman"—a terrible figure in a scanty kilt, displaying a great deal of bare leg, and wearing one of those pieces of monstrous funereal headgear that still oppress our Highland regiments.

To us Scots it is nothing short of amazing that such ignorance of our country should prevail at this time of day among those who are ready enough to laugh at the foreigner's blunders in dealing with English matters. The Continental novelist caught tripping on British ground is mercilessly ridiculed, and when a Parisian journalist talks about "Sir Dilke" or "Lord Gladstone" he subjects himself to a volley of sarcasm; but in many cases the satirist of foreign ignorance is himself ludicrously ignorant regarding a rather important division of his own country.





1. "Fan Tan" Table.—2. Head of a "Fan Tan" Player.—3. Fook Shing, Detective.—4. Entrance to a Chinese Eating House.  
MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED—IN THE CHINESE QUARTER

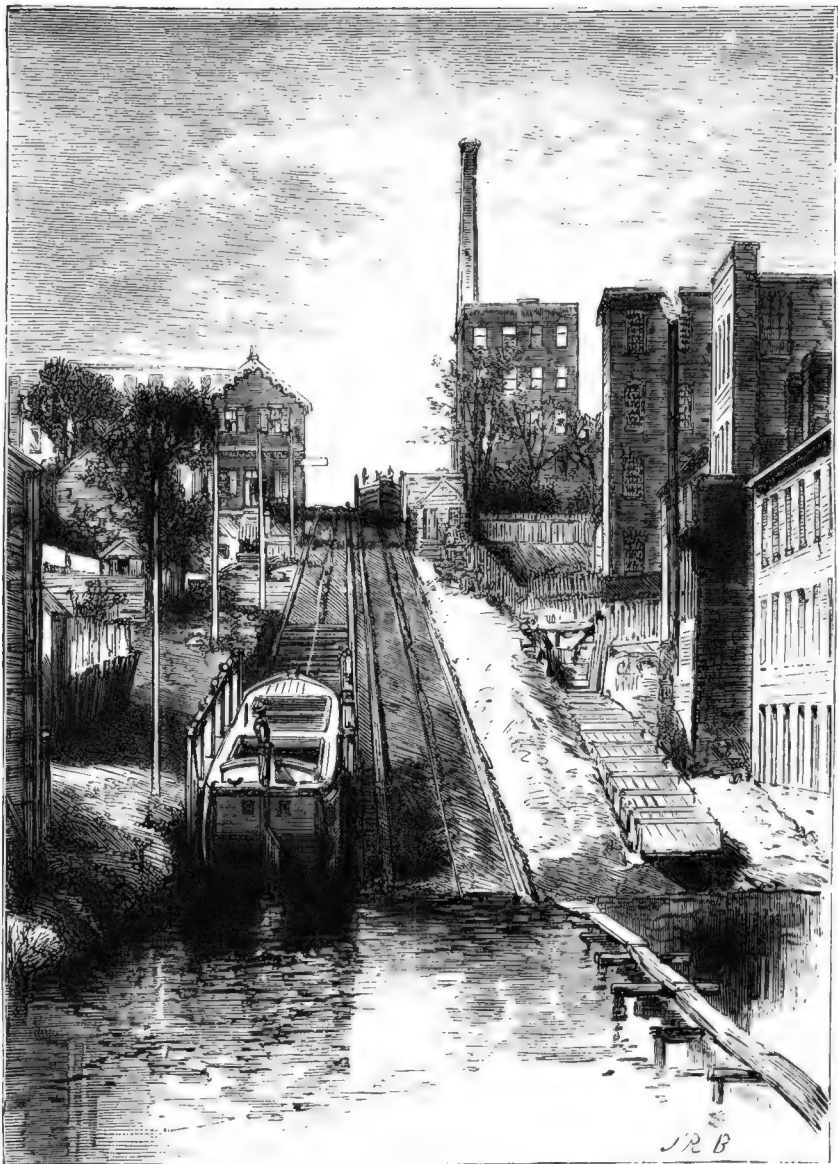


THE LADIES' GALLERY, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

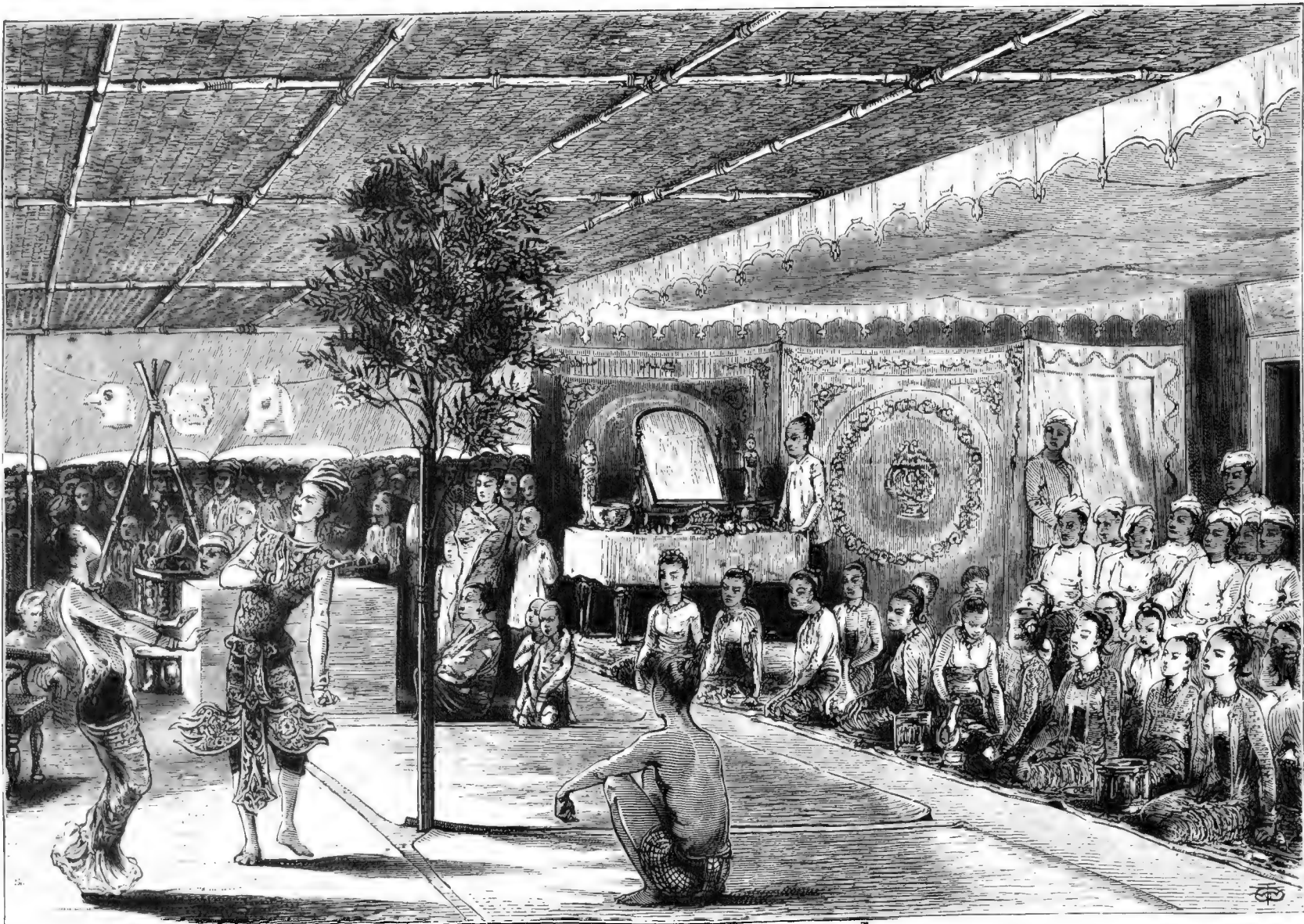




MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED—MONUMENT TO BURKE AND WILLS, THE EXPLORERS, COLLINS STREET



AN INCLINED PLANE ON THE MORRIS CANAL, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.



BRITISH BURMAH—A BURMESE PLAY



Without adopting an aggressively "national" tone Scotchmen may be permitted to growl a little under gross misrepresentation. This is a sort of representation which requires "adjustment" quite as much as the Parliamentary kind; and in the mean time "the Southron" is affectionately entreated to believe that we do not altogether live on haggis and whisky; that we are sometimes known to smile on Sunday; that a kilt is as great a rarity in Princes Street, Edinburgh, as it is in the Strand; and that we do not recognise our national poet as "Bobby" Burns.

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS

#### III.

A CLUSTER of volumes for the drawing-room table will be valuable to fill up the slow moments before dinner, or to furnish small talk at coming social gatherings. Home-loving Britons may point out the attractions of our own country as depicted by F. A. Lydon in "English Lake Scenery" (Walker), wherein some fifty coloured plates represent the chief beauties of the Cumberland and Westmoreland lacustrine district. Steering tolerably clear of the gorgeously too often found in works of this kind, the illustrations are fairly good, the views of waterfalls being least satisfactory, and the text sufficiently describes the scenes represented.—For patriotic minds, too, the fresh volume of "Men of Mark" (Sampson Low) will supply ample food. Here are the celebrities and heroes of all professions, from gallant Major Chard of Zulu renown to the soldier of the spiritual battle-field like Canon Liddon; an unusually large contingent of political men—Lords Beaconsfield, Derby, Cairns, &c.; numerous ornaments of the Bench; and such honourable representatives of Art, Music, and Literature as Messrs. Alma-Tadema and Vicat Cole, Sir J. Benedict and Professor Macfarren, and Messrs. Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Browning, and Hepworth Dixon—all speaking likenesses rendered by the Woodbury process, with accompanying terse biographies by Mr. Thompson Cooper.—Turning aside to younger readers, the same publishers' "Northern Fairy Tales" contains some capital coloured plates by Messrs. Pritchett and Clifford Merton, full of fun and frolic, and ably illustrating Mr. H. L. Brækstad's translations of six favourite stories from Hans Andersen and P. C. Asbjørnsen.

Refined in colouring and admirably true to Nature, Mr. E. Hulme's drawings of "Familiar Garden Flowers" (Cassell) are most happily allied with Mr. Shirley Hibberd's pleasant gossip about buds and blossoms. Mr. Hibberd tells just what is needful respecting the history and culture of each plant, and amateur gardeners will be delighted with the volume.—"The Magazine of Art" (Cassell) has prospered so well in its mission of treating the widest range of artistic subjects in simple popular style, than it is needless to do more than commend the good workmanship of both pen and pencil in these pages. The Magazine is now to be further enlarged so as to afford better scope for its excellent reproductions of paintings, past and present. Still occupied with the education of the public eye, Messrs. Cassell bring out "Pictures to Paint for Little Folks," which differs from the plan of its predecessors by giving coloured models of the outline drawings, as well as verses and stories. The same publishers also contribute a fresh collection of tales for young people. The boyish pickle, whose adventures are recorded in "In Mischief Again," has such a happy knack of getting out of his scrapes, that he is rather too likely to tempt volatile boys to go and do likewise. The usual vein of adventure runs through "The Ferryman of Brill," short stories by the late W. H. G. Kingston, published years ago in the *Quiver*; while "Faith's Father," by F. Morell Holmes, is also a reprint from *Little Folks*, and deals with the troubles of humble life. "Tim Trumble's Little Mother" awakens reminiscences of Mrs. Trimmer's time-honoured "Robins," for, side by side with the doings of village mortals, Miss C. L. Matéaux sketches the career of a pair of finches and their family. This is a very charming child's book, and the pictures of bird-life are first-rate. There is real genuine humour, too, in M. E. Griset's illustrations to "The Album of Fun and Fancy," merry verses and stories of birds and beasts, insects and fishes. M. Griset seizes the true comic aspect of his subjects of animal life, while never degenerating into vulgar caricature.—For elder girls "Peggy Ogilvie's Inheritance," by the author of "Round the Court," will form wholesome reading, not lacking interest, although somewhat prosy—a common fault with these Scotch stories.

The Rev. A. J. Church's "Stories of the East from Herodotus" (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), will be eagerly welcomed by all who have appreciated his former selections from Homer and Virgil. Nor are these summaries of some of the stirring tales of the Father of History less interesting. Croesus, of fabled riches, the great conqueror Cyrus, and his successors Cambyses and Darius, are as exciting characters as the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, while in the quaint accounts of the manners and customs of Eastern nations Mr. Church has ingeniously retained the simplicity of ancient language. Adorned with highly curious illustrations copied by Miss Seeley from antique frescoes and sculptures, this volume will prove a sterling present for classically inclined lads.

A boy's book of a milder sort is Mr. S. K. Hocking's "His Father" (Warne), which records the evil effects of drink and the importance of filial duty. It is particularly adapted for a temperance or village library.—Capital occupation for restless little fingers will be provided by "Aunt Louisa's Magic Modellers" (Warne), from which the gay pictures can be cut out and mounted on cardboard as miniature people and buildings. One of these books illustrates the good old tradition of Cinderella, while another, "The Wonderful A. B. C.," devotes a model to each letter of the alphabet, and will thus spur the memory of baby learners.—A visit to the pantomime is described by "The Child's Variety Entertainment" (Dean), wherein Messrs. J. Holden and Eric Wells provide somewhat trite rhymes and illustrations.—Far superior are both the verses and pictures of Major Secombe's "Story of Prince Hildebrand and the Princess Ida" (De la Rue), an amusing chronicle of a fairy god-mother and her princely protégé. The author is a better artist than poet, however, and his drawings are witty and graceful.—How to keep children amused on Sunday afternoons is often a great difficulty, and the yearly volume of *Sunday* (Wells Gardner), with its short stories for reading aloud and pictures for the tiny ones, will be a boon to many a perplexed mother.

Christmas Cards are growing more multitudinous and artistic than ever, and it is difficult how to comprehend how comfortably, for nearly 6,000 years, the world got on without them. Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co., of 316, Oxford Street, send us some pretty specimens, while Messrs. J. Walker and Co., of 96, Farringdon Street, exhibit some so-called "cards" of a highly luxurious type, being really thin sheets of ivory (vegetable, we hope, for the sake of the poor elephants) artistically painted by hand with flowers.

That old acquaintance, Oppen's "Postage Stamp Album and Catalogue" has this year reached its twenty-third edition, being the sixteenth under the supervision of its present editor, Dr. Viner, who has revised and corrected it to the present date. The new issue contains several additions and improvements, chief amongst the latter being an entirely new set of cuts carefully chosen as efficient representatives of stamp-issuing countries, including both recent and obsolete examples. The volume is now arranged in the preservation, not only of all the labels and envelope impressions hitherto issued, but also those likely to appear for many years to come.



THE *Fortnightly* has one or two exceptionally interesting articles. Upon eager Philhellenes, in whose eyes the Greek difficulty is a question simply of more room, Mr. W. J. Stillman's "Greece and the Greeks" will have something of the effect of a cold *douche*—the more annoying that the writer's sympathies with Greece and knowledge of the country are equally above suspicion. Greece, they will be told, suffers less from want of room than from misgovernment. A people characterised by an "irrepressible individualism" is crushed under a system of over-centralisation with all its concomitants of place-hunting and corruption. There is more municipal liberty in Pacha-ruled Thessaly; a better Government in semi-Mussulman Crete. Were indeed these coveted provinces unconditionally annexed at once, "revolt and separation" would follow certainly within a year or two. They, in fact, must annex Greece, if the union is to be permanent, not Greece them; and for the highly centralised monarchy must be substituted a Government decentralised to the verge of federation. The paper, even if a little strongly coloured, may well be commended to those who hold that the Turk is the sole impediment to a satisfactory settlement of the claims of Greece.—In the "Future of Switzerland" Mr. Fritz Cunliffe-Owen discusses in a somewhat gloomy spirit the chances that the Confederacy will maintain its independence in the midst of the great States that now environ it. Even setting aside the eventuality of war—and it must be remembered the shortest and easiest way to outflank the impregnable frontier fortresses of France and Germany lies not through Belgium but through Switzerland—will not the hostile tariffs initiated by Germany, and quickly imitated by France, Italy, and Austria, in themselves drive the smaller State into a commercial union (in other words, political dependence) with one or other of its stronger neighbours.—Other papers, if less novel, are all worth reading. Mr. M. O'Brien gives further instances of successful "Experiments in Peasant Proprietorship" in Ireland; and Mr. Statham tells a "Story of Annexation in South Africa"—annexation not however carried out, though possibly only in abeyance—which would be more effective if we could bring ourselves to think that Namaquas and Damaras have "rights" in the same degree as Afghans or Montenegrins.—Of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Political Institutions" we have only as yet the preliminary chapters.—"The Tragic Comedians" is wooden and disappointing. Only perhaps the author of "Venetia" or "Alroy" could turn into life-like romance the true story of Ferdinand Lassalle.

Lord Sherbrooke, in the *Nineteenth Century*, can suggest nothing in the way of "Legislation for Ireland" beyond the hard-and-fast rules of political economy. Why, he asks in effect, should we—the Legislature—interfere with contracts between man and man, or what is there which exempts tenants from the ordinary conditions of traders generally? Still, political economy has been tried and failed, and even political economists allow that the weaker party in a contract may sometimes be protected by the law, even as women and minors are. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the paper is the completeness with which Lord Sherbrooke seems to forget his own share in the Land Act of 1870, or is he now liberating his soul from its enforced submission then to a stronger will?—"The Sabbath," by Professor Tyndall—a Presidential Address to the Glasgow Sunday Society—is a masterly survey, although for Southrons somewhat a preaching *aux convertis*, of the Sabbatarian question alike from the historic and the philosophical point of view.—The other papers strike us as just a little commonplace if we set aside the genuine fervour with which Mr. Frederic Harrison, in "Creeds, Old and New," sums up in favour of Comitism, as the Creed which offers to its followers that "perfect human synthesis" which "Theology, Metaphysics, and Materialism" fail severally to complete; and Mr. Ruskin's wondrous "Fiction, Fair and Foul," in which one searches out the fine bits, without troubling one's self over-much about connection and design.—Exception, too, must be made for Major Hallett's "New Wheat-fields at Home," if it be, indeed, true—we are not skilled agriculturists to decide—that by sowing early and sparingly, and trusting to the natural process of "tillering," we may save as much at seed-time as will compensate for the depreciated value of the crops at harvest-tide.

In the *Cornhill* too feebly interesting stories—one finished, the other just begun—are set off by some very excellent padding. A paper on "Quevedo," scholar, poet, satirist, and statesman—imperfectly known to most of us as the Quevedo of "The Visions"—is the "pick of the basket" for subtle criticism and research.—"Social Life Amongst the Ancient Greeks" is more noteworthy for form than substance, for quaint Addisonian humour and amusing parallels between Now and Then than for any positive addition to our knowledge of the Athens of Nicias and Alcibiades.—"Lord Macaulay and Dr. Johnson's Wife" is a clever attempt to vindicate the marriage romance of the great lexicographer from the ridicule cast upon it in his superb exaggerative way by the popular historian.

"Mr. Sempill's Settlement," a simply but powerfully told story of the luckless loves of a young Scotch minister and an innocent but sprightly girl, whose high spirits have aroused the jealous enmity of deacons, elders, and their womankind, is the first thing to catch the eye in *Fraser*.—"An Early Celtic College," a good account of a small group of islands off the coast of Mull, the residence once of St. Columba and his scholars, now scarcely known to one among the hundreds who can tell by heart each nook and corner of Iona; the "Old Pacific Capital," a pleasant sketch of Monterey and its old Mexican families now nearly "eaten up" by Yankee settlers; and an "English Rural Walk," by T. C. Kebbel, a half-sad reminiscence of old-fashioned country scenes more rarely met with every year, are other good papers in a fairly average number.

In an able article, entitled "Political Somnambulism," Professor Seeley warns the readers of *Macmillan* against those temptations to an inconsiderate policy, to "government on impulse," which are more than ever to be guarded against now, when power is vested so directly in the masses. The study of history is the best remedy; but history itself is in great danger of being perverted, for historians now write from the *littérateur's* point of view, to amuse and excite rather than instruct, and the points in history from which we might learn most are precisely those on which it seems tedious to linger.—"The Mystery of the Pezazi," by Mr. E. H. Edwards, is a weird tale of *diablerie* from Ceylon, which fairly rivals any tale of terror from the moors and woodlands of Celt or Teuton.

The strength of *Temple Bar* this month is chiefly in its fiction. A sound paper on "The National Press of Ireland"—so different in 1880 and 1848—and a neatly-written notice of that half-forgotten heroine, Lady Hester Stanhope, will both, however, repay perusal.

Fiction, too, in the form of serial tale or shorter story, fills up, with almost the solitary exception of an opportune paper on the new winter health-resort, Davos Platz, the somewhat meagre November wallet of *Time*. To those who prefer Mexican to Irish murders, we can at least commend as decidedly melodramatic M. Lucien Biar's "Doña Evornia."

Our old favourite, the *Atlantic Monthly*, is hardly this month so amusing as it is wont to be. Still there are some very excellent articles, notably "His Best," a pathetic tale of humble heroism; "A Search for the Pleiades; or, Notes by Colonel Higginson of a Scramble in the White Mountains;" and last, not least, a fresh instalment of Mr. White's pleasant "Letters and Notes from

England," this time anent our "great houses" and our parks. It is pleasant to hear an American confess that English forest trees are the finest (though not the largest) in the world.

*Scribner*, this month, commences a new volume with even more than its accustomed *verve*. Specially readable, where all is good, will be found the sympathetic notice of Walt Whitman, and the lively sketch, entitled "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," of the primitive New Jersey village where the ex-King Joseph lived so long under the title of the Count de Surville. The illustrations, notably those of the works of Millet and Elihu Vedder, are hardly inferior in effect to the fine work of *L'Art*.

In the *North American Review* M. Désire Charnay continues his account of work among the "Ruins of Central America," while Admiral Ammen explains at length the physical and economical advantages of his favourite "Nicaragua Route to the Pacific."—Among the political articles Mr. Blair's "Republican Party as it Was and Is" is a grim *exposé* (from an enemy's point of view) of a political party wholly resting for support on great moneyed interests to which in turn it is made subservient.

The *Contemporary* is a little overweighted with political matter. Under the title, "How to Nationalise the Land," Mr. Alfred A. Wallace suggests the enactment of a law by which "all lands should legally descend for four generations beyond the existing owners, and then pass to the State;" lands of intestates—with a reserve in favour of "just expectations," e.g., of relatives within the second or third degree—to become Government property at once. The proposal sounds a little revolutionary, but Mr. Wallace shows with some success that the real damage, even to the landlord class, would be chiefly of the sentimental kind, while the excessive accumulations and sub-divisions which free trade in land would not arrest at all, and conversion of tenants into owners arrest only for a season, would henceforth be impossible unless authorised by the State. There would be fewer great estates, and no instances of one individual with half-a-dozen great estates in as many counties, but it would be still possible to hold land enough for every purpose of legitimate enjoyment.—In "Home Rule in Ireland" Mr. Alfred Frisby proves from statistics of the last two elections that the number of Home Rulers in Parliament is quite disproportioned to their real backing in the constituencies.—Dr. Bain propounds a scheme for shortening the "Procedure of Deliberative Bodies," by the use of written statements prepared and distributed in advance in lieu of speeches by movers of resolutions; and Mr. Clarke brings forcible arguments to show that the "Future of the Canadian Dominion" must, *bon gré mal gré*, be annexation to the United States.—An able *résumé* by Sir Rutherford Alcock of Japanese progress, entitled "Old and New Japan," is the nearest approach to lighter reading in a number equally ponderous and able.

*Belgravia* affords pleasant skimming, marred by the diabolical interleaved advertisements.—Mr. J. Payn's clever "Confidential Agents" gains interest rapidly as the mystery of the missing diamonds begins to be unravelled.—In "Our Old Country Towns" Mr. Rimmer gives some pretty views, pictorial and verbal, of ancient Boston, with its American associations and its tall church tower.—Papers on "Coursing" and on "Some Strangely Fulfilled Dreams" are decidedly readable; and "The Three Wishes" a more than average specimen of magazine poetry.

The *Gentleman's* for November is a little dull. Our old friend "Red Spinner" contributes a pleasant article on sugar plantations and angling in Queensland, winding up with a not over pleasant interview with an alligator.—Mr. Grant Allen's "Evolution and Geological Time" is a clever attempt to fit the periods of the geologist to the 100 million years or so, for which Sir W. Thompson holds our planet to have been illuminated by the sun.

No. 1 of the *Army and Navy Magazine*, a new recruit to the vast host of "monthlies," has a fair show of articles and writers. None better could be found than Colonel Malleton to describe the advantages of "Kandahar" as an advanced post.—Mr. Henty, one of the oldest and best of "War Correspondents," contributes a well-told "Garibaldi Episode" of '66; and Mr. D. C. Boulger an interesting account of the "Kian Ping Sin Chi," a sort of Chinese "Queen's Regulations" and "Soldier's Pocket-Book" in one. The other papers, if less noteworthy, are all good.

The commencement of a new and promising serial, "A Private Secretary, I.," is perhaps the chief feature in this month's *Blackwood*.—"Voyages in the P. and O.:" Reminiscences of an Old Fogey" happily contrast the sober sadness of the middle-aged and only moderately successful Indian official with the flushed spirits and golden dreams of the first voyage out.—In "The Unloaded Revolver—the Diplomacy of Fanaticism," the monthly advocate of staunchest Toryism is vindictively jubilant over the supposed failure of Mr. Gladstone's efforts to coerce the Sultan.—"A Jewish Rabbi in Rome" is a powerful description, in verse, of Rome as it may have seemed to an Eastern Jew in the heyday of the Papacy.

The *St. James's*, too, has some very excellent verse in "An Idyl of the Plague"—a pathetic story of the cholera season 1817.—"Persian and Chinese Customs at the Time of the Feast of Ahasuerus" is a very interesting paper of a somewhat *recherché* character.

In the *Churchman* Prebendary Chadwick continues his narrative of the unreported work of the Disestablished Church of Ireland, with an admirably lucid and satisfactory description of its new constitution.—In "Bertram and the Reformers" Canon Taylor gives an interesting study of Rhatramnus, the great ninth-century opponent of the new doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the author whose work was the first that 700 years later "pulled Ridley by the ear" from the common errors of the Roman Church.

"A Thorough Actress," a laughable story by Frank Marshall, a pleasant memoir by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield of "Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Alban's," and fair papers on the "Foyer of the Palais Royal" and the "Italian Stage," are among the chief items in a very good and level number of the *Theatre*.

To the *Antiquary* Mr. Parker contributes a brief, but valuable, account of the work initiated by the old "Roman Exploration Fund."—A chapter on "Early Steam Navigation" recalls Garay's forgotten invention of 1543.

The *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* supplies as usual fair tales and essays for the serious household.

All the Year Round and Chambers' are both good numbers. The anecdotes of cats in the latter are particularly amusing.



Music and Musicians (2nd Series): Robert Schumann. W. Reeves.  
Treasure Books of Consolation: Benjamin Orme, M.A. Marshall, Gough and Co.  
Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In: Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.; An Index to Shaksperian Thought: Cecil Arnold. Bickers and Son.  
A Visit to Wazan: R. Spence Watson; Locke (English Men of Letters): Thomas Fowler. Macmillan and Co.  
New Zealand, Past and Present: Rev. James Buller. Hodder and Stoughton.  
Sword and Surplice: H. J. Wale, M.A. David Bogue.  
The Emigrant's Friend.  
Christmas Books. Cassell.  
Christmas Books. Griffith and Farran.  
A Lady's Tour in Corsica (2 vols.): Gertrude Ford; A Voyage up the Niger and Benue: Adolphe Bardo; Tent Work in Palestine: C. R. Conder, R.E. Bentley.  
Peasant Life (New Edition): Francis Geo. Heath; The Irish Land Question, from 1829 to 1869: R. B. O'Brien. S. Low and Co.



## PRESENTS.

MUCH HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM REGENT ST. 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

## HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, a most distinguished authority, when addressing the students of the Newcastle College of Medicine, particularly impressed the following upon their minds:

"The patient of NEW IDEAS and NEW DOCTRINES, before you condemn, avail yourselves of NEW remedies, and recollect it is not HOW, but WHEN, that CURE your patients."

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THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD acts most beneficially upon the liver. We quote from one of our correspondents, who has derived great benefit from the use of the pad: "My liver now not only does its duty, but appears to me to act as a real liver, instead of a mere appendage of the stomach."

We submit the following testimonial, and shall be pleased to forward many others, with full information, to those who will apply for it.

CAPTAIN H. C. COTTON writes to a friend as follows: "The Hall, Wem, Shropshire."

"I have been staying with a cousin of mine, who was in Norway this autumn, and came back very ill. He consulted all sorts of physicians, but without effect, when I saw him, I said, 'Why don't you try this new treatment?' He tried it, and in a few days he was able to eat and sleep, and in a few days he was able to do his duty."

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## MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED, II.

## GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY

WHEN Governor Bourke and his coadjutors laid down the plans of the metropolis of what was then known as the District of Port Phillip, they doubtless believed that they were providing ample space for the future city. Yet now the rectangular space known as "Melbourne Proper," and which is about a mile in length and half a mile in width, is merely a nucleus in the centre of the suburban ramifications which have grown up around it, just as "the City" forms but a small portion of Greater London. Within the comparatively narrow limits, however, of Melbourne Proper, the greater part of the bustle and business is concentrated. The chief streets here are a mile in length, and of the magnificent width of ninety-nine feet. These leading thoroughfares run nearly east and west, and parallel with the River Yarra. Flinders Street, which fronts the river, abounds in lofty bluestone warehouses, and exhibits other familiar seaport features, such as are to be seen in East Smithfield, London, or in the Waterloo Road, Liverpool. Collins Street, which comes next, is, *par excellence*, the main artery and distinctive street of the Victorian metropolis. Here are situated the finest shops, and except that Collins Street rises from the centre towards the two ends, whereas Oxford Street is flat, there is a strong family likeness between the two thoroughfares. Bourke Street, somehow, has not the fashionable *cachet* of its southern neighbour, and is altogether rather comparable to Tottenham Court Road, or that part of the Edgware Road near Paddington Green. But we shall have to speak of Bourke Street again. The two next streets, Lonsdale and Latrobe, are comparatively free from bustle, and are also more airy, as they abut on lands set apart for recreative purposes. The fact that the original town was planned on so small a scale has proved in one respect a great advantage, inasmuch as it is girt around with pleasure-grounds, beyond which extend the widely spreading suburbs which have grown up since the "Golden Age" began. To return to the configuration of the Melbourne streets. These main thoroughfares, as stated last week, are intersected by smaller streets which bear the names of the larger streets with the prefix of "Little," such as Little Bourke, Little Collins, &c. These lanes, it is said, were originally intended merely as backways to the premises in the main streets. The same thing may be seen in London sometimes, where a narrow road, designed simply as a means of access to stables or gardens, becomes gradually converted into a street of shabby dwelling-houses. In laying out future cities, therefore, this part of the plan of the founders of Melbourne had better be omitted. These before-mentioned thoroughfares are crossed by nine streets running north and south. The central street of these, named Elizabeth Street, lies very low, and sometimes, after a continuance of rainy weather, a fierce torrent has been known to sweep down it, in which lives have been lost. We note with satisfaction, as a proof of the improvements effected, that, during the phenomenal rainfall which occurred about the middle of last September, and which caused floods all over the Colony, this part of the city escaped with little or no damage.

Melbourne Proper is entirely situated on the northern bank of the River Yarra, where also are the important suburbs of Collingwood, North Melbourne, Fitzroy, Carlton, and Richmond; while on the south bank of the river there are South Yarra, Prahran, St. Kilda, Hawthorne, and Brighton. For getting to and from all these widely-separated localities, the citizens of Melbourne are plentifully supplied with omnibuses, similar to those in use in New York, and with cars, cabs, wagonettes, &c. There are two railway stations, one in Spencer Street, which is the terminus of the up-country lines: the other in Flinders Street, whence are despatched the suburban trains.

Melbourne is particularly well provided with public parks and recreation grounds. The Royal Park, the South Park, Prince's Park, the Fitzroy Gardens, Carlton Gardens, the Botanical Gardens, and numerous other squares and parks, adorn the city and its suburbs. Trees have lately been planted in some of the main thoroughfares, and the shade of these as they grow up will be very grateful in a country where the sun, when unclouded, often shines with scorching power, and where occasionally intense heat prevails. The Fitzroy Gardens, which comprise sixty-four acres, are very prettily laid out with choice trees and shrubs, fountains, and statuary. Carlton Gardens, where the Exhibition buildings are erected, were for a long time neglected, and, judging from the tone of the local Press, the recent horticultural efforts there have not been crowned with signal success. But the most famous of Melbourne recreation-grounds are the Botanical Gardens, situated on the south bank of the Yarra, half a mile from the city. Their position is one of great natural beauty, as they rise from the river bank in a succession of terraces; a swamp has been converted into a picturesque lake frequented by numerous water fowl; while rare shrubs and plants, shady bowers, and 22½ miles of walks offer abundant attraction to the visitor weary of city noise and dust.

In one respect there is a great difference between such cities as Melbourne and Sydney, and a provincial English town of similar population. The latter, overshadowed by London, has merely a local influence; whereas the former are the seats of the Legislature, the grand centres to which news and trade converge; in short, they are the mother-cities of countries which a hundred years hence will doubtless be occupied by considerable nations. These conditions bestow on Melbourne a personality and importance which are lacking to most provincial aggregations of people. It is something, too, to be the biggest town, both in the southern hemisphere and within a radius of some thousands of miles; and this, coupled with the fact that many of the settlers who arrived at the time of the gold-fever were natives of London, has bestowed on the good citizens of Melbourne a London way of looking at things. They combine a cosmopolitan freedom from prejudice with a calm conviction that under the Southern Cross there is no such place as Melbourne. Sydney is the only possible rival, and accordingly they feel towards Sydney as New York feels towards Philadelphia, or as Manchester was reported once to feel towards Liverpool.

Mr. Trollope, in his book of Australian travels, accused the colonists of "blowing" (*Anglic's* bragging), but, as the Duke of Manchester said the other day at Ballarat, they really have a great deal to show which is worth "blowing about."

Altogether, then, Melbourne is a place well worth visiting; and the genuine Londoner will probably on the whole feel more at home there than in any other English-speaking city beyond the United Kingdom. Already a good many people visit the southern hemisphere for the sake of regaining their health, and now that the Antipodes can be reached as swiftly, and far more comfortably, than America in Franklin's days, it is to be hoped that more will go for the pure pleasure of seeing the progress of the young communities which are gradually being built up in those vast territories.

## THE CLIMATE OF MELBOURNE

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, in his book above referred to, says that he heard a great deal about Australian heat, but never felt any, even in Queensland, that was comparable to that which he had endured in other countries. He even makes merry over the Australian mosquito, saying that he is a poor creature compared to his brother trumpeter in Washington, D.C. These negative testimonies will be reassuring to would-be visitors. Judging from personal experience, we should say that the climate of Melbourne is less agreeable than that of some other parts of Victoria. Heat is always worse to bear in a great city, owing to the dust, and the radiation from buildings; and the heat during the prevalence of the hot north-west winds, which at Melbourne blow on an average for fourteen days in the year, is very great, although far more tolerable than the moist warmth of Bengal. The hot winds at Melbourne are perhaps aggravated by the treeless plains lying north and west of the city; while, on the other hand, the fall of temperature when the "southerly burster" comes from the chilly Southern Ocean, is very sudden, sometimes twenty or thirty degrees within an hour. Up country, there are fewer hot winds, they are unaccompanied by dust, and the change from heat to cold is much more gradual. The winter, too, inland, is drier, colder, and more bracing; snow hardly if ever falls in Melbourne, whereas the up-country trains during the winter sometimes come in thickly covered with snow flakes.

To compare the climate of these southern regions with places in Europe is very misleading, as also are thermometrical averages. It is more to the purpose to say that Southern Australia is climatically far better suited to Englishmen than places in similar latitudes on the Mediterranean coast; the reason being that although the thermometer sometimes mounts very high, that continuous baking heat which prevails in Southern Europe during the summer is unknown in Victoria; the summer nights are almost always cool, and sometimes cold; sunstrokes are rare, and men throughout the year work hard out of doors with impunity. As regards Englishmen, perhaps the chief defect of the climate is that a winter whose coldest month is about comparable to an English April is not severe enough to make people who originate from a cold country tough and hardy.

## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THE ceremony of opening the Exhibition on October 1st passed off with the greatest *éclat*. The procession of the Trades Societies and Fire Brigades—afterwards joined by the Viceregal party—to the Exhibition building numbered several thousands, and additional interest was given to the scene outside by the presence of the blue-jackets from the British and foreign men-of-war in the harbour, who were formed up as a guard of honour in the approaches to Carlton Gardens. Within the building, which was densely crowded, the spectacle was most brilliant. The inaugural cantata was performed with grand effect by the chorus and orchestra, which together included one thousand persons. All the arrangements were excellent, and there was neither hitch nor accident throughout the day, notwithstanding the immense concourse of people. At night the men-of-war were illuminated, the spectacle being witnessed by many thousands of persons. The festivities included a ball, for which 2,500 invitations were issued, and which was held at Government House. All the Colonial Governors and many distinguished visitors were present. The Exhibition was generally in a forward state, although a good deal remained to be done. The quality of the exhibits exceeds all anticipations, especially in the Fine Arts Department, the objects in which surpass anything before seen in the colonies. Sir Herbert Sandford states that most of the cargo of the shipwrecked steamer *Sorata* had been received in good condition. He also praises the excellent arrangements made for bringing goods into the Exhibition, which he describes as a successful novelty. The proposed method of decorating the British Court is thus described:—"In the front building the Court will be marked by a large Royal Standard of silk, illuminated in gold and colours on both sides, so as to mark the importance of the Court on each approach. The name of the Court will be displayed in white letters on crimson damask drapery. In the main building, the fifteen panels fronting the main avenue are to be draped with crimson damask edged with amber-coloured fringe, three panels bearing the words 'Great Britain,' and each of the others the name of one of the principal cities of Great Britain. At the intersection of each of the panels will be placed a British heraldic shield, painted in colours and gold, of which the following is the list:—Lions of England, Lion of Scotland, Harp of Ireland, St. George's Cross, St. Andrew's Cross, Prince of Wales's Feathers, Union, Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, Standard, V.R., Anchor, Crown. At the four main entrances to the Court will be placed the Royal arms, draped with flags of the Empire, and the words 'Great Britain' in white on crimson ground."

## ON THE YARRA

EXCEPT the Murray, which forms the northern boundary of the colony, and which itself is only navigable for part of the year, the Victorian rivers are, in too many cases, either angry torrents during the winter months, or mere chains of waterholes during the heat of

summer. The Yarra Yarra, however, is an exception, as is implied by its name, which in the aboriginal language signifies "overflowing." It rises in a spur of the Alps, and it is from one of its tributaries, the Plenty, that the famous Yan Yean Reservoir is filled, which is capable of storing upwards of 6,000 millions of gallons of water, and from which an ample supply is furnished for the City of Melbourne. From its outlet in Hobson's Bay the Yarra is navigable for steamers and vessels of moderate size to the heart of the city. Beyond that point the fairway is impeded by a dyke of basaltic rock known as The Falls. Above The Falls the Yarra is essentially a pleasure river, and in holiday times during the summer months its romantic bends, which with their shady nooks recall the upper reaches of our own Thames, are gay with boats for miles upon miles.

## BRIGHTON BEACH

FROM the whilom fishing village of BRIGHTHELMSTONE in Sussex the name of Brighton has spread all over the English-speaking world. There are several Brightons in America and Australia, and the Brighton on Hobson's Bay is to Melbourne as the Brighton of the Mersey is to Liverpool. It is the seaside of the city, and in the season is the haunt of picnic and pleasure parties and invalids seeking sea air and bathing. To see Brighton in its full glory one should visit it on Boxing Day, when the weather is pretty sure to be fine and warm. All along the beach by St. Kilda, Ellwood, and Brighton thousands of people are to be seen, strolling, bathing, playing games, and picnicking.

## THE SCOTS' CHURCH AND THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH

THESE buildings are specimens of the many handsome edifices for the purpose of worship in the city of Melbourne. The Scots' Church, which is in Collins Street, is in the Early English style of architecture, and cruciform in plan. The walls are of freestone, and the dressings of Kakanui stone from New Zealand. The tower is 211 feet high. It may be interesting to note here that the first Sunday service in Melbourne was held by a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Mr. Orton, beneath the she-oaks of Batman's Hill in April, 1837. The Rev. S. Hebditch, late of Clapton Park Congregational Church, who with his family narrowly escaped shipwreck in the *Sorata*, has undertaken for twelve months the pastorate of the Independent Church depicted in our engraving. There are now upwards of 1,000 chapels and churches in the colony of Victoria, as well as 1,000 school houses and mechanics' institutions and other buildings occupied for religious purposes, accommodating 272,000 worshippers. There are also 1,557 Sunday Schools, with an attendance of nearly 120,000 scholars.

## HOBSON'S BAY RAILWAY PIER

ALTHOUGH, as already stated, vessels of moderate size can anchor in the heart of the city, yet the real port of Melbourne is at Sandridge (called in the old days Liardet's Beach), situated on Hobson's Bay, and two and a-half miles from town, with which it is connected by road and railway. Sandridge has two large and commodious piers, jutting out a long way into the Bay, affording accommodation for a large fleet, and allowing vessels of almost any tonnage to berth alongside.

## INTERIOR OF THE PUBLIC READING ROOM

THIS picture we described last week, but lest recent events should have led any persons to suppose that Victoria is administered by a vulgar and violent democracy, we may here remark that no colony in the Empire has shown greater zeal for education. In none other are schools so well supported by the State, and in so high a condition of efficiency. Great liberality, too, is shown towards public institutions, especially such as tend to educate and refine the working classes. In this manner 110 Mechanics' Institutes and Free Libraries have been fostered.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

THESE schools in Melbourne are modelled after the schools of England and Scotland. A first-class education is given, and young men are prepared for the University and Civil Service examinations. There are also a Scotch and a Wesleyan college in Melbourne, and schools and colleges of a kindred character in Geelong and Ballarat.

## BOURKE STREET, SATURDAY NIGHT

MELBOURNE is well supplied with markets. There is the Eastern, more familiarly known as "Paddy's Market," and formerly famous as a *rendezvous* for stump orators; there is the Fish Market, and there is the Western Market, a fine block of buildings situated between Collins Street and Little Flinders Street. As in all countries where Sunday labour and Sunday trading is either forbidden or discouraged, Saturday night is the great night for marketing, and at such a time Bourke Street appears as bustling and crowded as some of our London thoroughfares at the same period of the week. The chief difference between the respective scenes presented in the colonial city and in her northern prototype is that the mass of the people appear more prosperous and well-to-do in Melbourne than in London. There is poverty, doubtless, but it is almost always due to improvidence and indulgence in drink; and even with this drawback there are few of those poorly-clad, ill-fed people to be seen who are so numerous in the cities of the old country.

## ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT

"I HAVE just been," says our artist, "through the Chinese quarters here, as the Chinese question is the topic of the day, and it may interest you as well as the Victorians. I left the Detective Office in company with Messrs. Secretan and Ducane at 9 P.M., and we had as our guide Fook Shing, the Chinese detective, whose portrait I have taken, as being a civilised specimen of a Chinaman. We first visited the 'Fan Tan' Rooms, which were then in full swing. At sight of the gentlemen who were with me the crowd of miserable-looking beings who were engaged in playing seemed restless and



uncomfortable, which made us feel our presence was not necessary; and no inducement from Mr. Secretan (Chief of the Detective Department) could persuade them to continue playing, so that I could gather only a meagre idea of the game. It seemed to be similar to 'Vingt-et-un' without cards. The amount staked was represented by a wooden ticket, stating how much the player had deposited, and the apparent feature of the game was, that it was very easy to lose but very difficult to win.

"I took my sketch when the room was comparatively empty, to show more of the details. I asked what was written on the notices around the room, and I found they were in connection with the game, rules, &c. One was to the effect that 'No person was allowed to stake English jewellery—only Chinese jewellery being allowed.' Another was this: 'All profit goes to the banker.' 'If police or other persons interfere with the game, the banker will not be responsible for any loss.'

"After leaving the Fan Tan room we entered an 'eating house,' where we found a Chinaman cutting up meat; a little further on was the counter where one pays for what has been eaten. The man in charge of this counter cannot be complimented on his clear business head, as he had to have recourse to a frame of beads to assist his reckoning. The 'bill of fare' was tea, soup, fowl, vegetables, and rice; charge sixpence. I tried the tea, which was good; but I could not be persuaded to eat anything."

#### BURKE AND WILLS MONUMENT

In 1860 a great exploring expedition at the expense of the Victorian Government, was despatched from Melbourne. It consisted of eighteen persons, several waggons, many pack-horses, and twenty-seven camels. Mr. O'Hara Burke was appointed leader, with Mr. W. J. Wills, a young and promising astronomer, as second in command. Leaving a *dépot* in charge of a detachment at Cooper's Creek, Burke and Wills, with two men, King and Gray, crossed the Continent to the Gulf of Carpentaria in safety, but the homeward journey proved toilsome and difficult. Gray died, the other three were reduced to extreme weakness, and when they reached the *dépot* on April 21st 1861, they found that the detachment, with culpable carelessness, had that very day started for Melbourne. The explorers were too weak to follow them, and after six weeks' fruitless endeavours to reach a sheep station, only 150 miles distant, Burke and Wills died within a few days of each other. King joined a party of natives, and ultimately reached Melbourne safely. This sad ending to an heroic enterprise excited the greatest sympathy all over the civilised world, and this monument was erected to commemorate the gallant fellows who lost their lives. We may add that at Ballarat there is also a monument to Burke and Wills, of which we published an engraving in 1875.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

To many readers of modern poetry it may appear to be somewhat an anomaly in the present day to put forward a mystical piece like "The New Era, a Dramatic Poem," by Virginia Vaughan (Chapman and Hall), since it belongs to the schools of such writers as Philip James Bailey or Sydney Dobell rather than to that which in our own times commands most general admiration. But earnest thinkers will confess that the fair author has done good and noble work in thus setting forth one of the greatest of philosophical truths—viz., the utter impossibility of any race of men remaining *in statu quo*. If there be no advance towards the higher perfection there will infallibly be retrogression is the stern lesson taught by Miss Vaughan in this remarkable poem. The plot may be briefly summarised thus:—At the opening the scene is laid in Heaven, where Hesperus, a young Italian patriot lately slain in the defence of Rome, discourses with Isis, another of the blest, as to the mysteries of human life and of their then condition. From this colloquy he is suddenly called by the complaint upon earth of Vittoria, a young and noble Roman lady, over whose spiritual welfare he has received charge, and flies to her succour, whilst other spirits entering announce a grand celestial festival, in honour of the centenary of perfection in another planet, called by the author Mira. The ensuing dialogue, which is marked by some striking passages, deals with the main doctrine inculcated; Isis, Hyperion, and their colleagues are the special guardians of our own planet, and discuss mundane affairs in a rather despondent tone, considering its real progress to be but little. Through the mouth of the second-named angel the author expresses some rather strong opinions as to the condition of England; but it is only fair to say that she condemns America still more strongly, whilst speaking hopefully of the future of France and Russia. After this the scene changes to the Coliseum at Rome, where Mazzini, after his downfall, is musing on the mutability of fate, unaware that ruffians are lurking near for his destruction, under the command of Federico, the cousin and detested suitor of Vittoria. At the critical moment, the heroine enters, guarded invisibly by Hesperus, and warns Mazzini of a plot against his liberty; upon which her cousin appears, and claiming to speak with her alone, tells her of his hidden myrmidons, and by threats against her hero forces her to save his life by a promise of marriage to himself. Hesperus vainly interposes, and the sacrifice is made; at which juncture a band of young Romans rush in and surround their chief, and the scene—a most impressive one—closes on Vittoria's anguish. The remainder of the action takes place in the planet Mira, and is concerned with the celebration to which allusion has already been made. Space forbids more than a general reference to the many beauties of this portion of the work; we must commend it to all lovers of poetry, no less than to the thoughtful student of humanity. Miss Vaughan's blank verse is unusually good, and has an original tone, whilst her command over lyric measures—as shown especially in the songs of the Miranese—is no less pronounced. Naturally, dramatic force is most shown in the Roman episode, but attention may be drawn to the Queen's speeches in the latter portion of the work, and to the *finale*. This is one of a proposed trilogy, and all who read it as it should be read will look with eagerness for the other two dramas. The author is to be highly congratulated on her success in a very difficult task.

In "Hanno: A Play in Five Acts," by Thomas Charles Thompson (J. Cornish and Sons), we have a drama which was probably written with an eye to the stage, and, in spite of many defects, has a good deal to recommend it. The author's verse is, for the most part, fairly good, but sometimes—e.g., at page 51—he seems uncertain how many syllables constitute a blank verse line. There is force in the depiction of the villainous Hanno, but this seems to exhaust Mr. Thompson's power of character drawing, and there is an entire absence of local colouring. People in Carthage, during the third century before the Christian era, use expressions which are essentially of the present day. We never knew before that the Punic ladies wore bonnets, and actually adorned them with feathers; and it is rather startling when the heroine addresses her hand-maid as a "little minx!" By the bye, are Jezebel and Elizabeth the same name? "Baalim" certainly cannot be used as a singular form; so that the other may be wrong, and "good Queen Bess"

may escape comparison with the wife of Ahab. The plot is simple, turning on Hanno's passion for Jezebel, daughter of Hamilcar, and his baffled attempt to revenge himself on her indifference by procuring her sacrifice to Moloch. It may be remarked that, judging from a stage direction, the incidental ballet would effectually prevent a representation of the piece; the mere idea would turn the Lord Chamberlain's hair white.

It is so very seldom that we meet with religious verse of any merit that special praise is called for by "Pictures from a Cathedral, and Other Poems," by Llicno (Literary Production Committee).—The pieces are really what they claim to be, viz., poems, and some of them of rather exceptional merit. We may instance "Coming," "Parting," "Hope," and, above all, "De Profundis." In the first part of "Love's Story," "is" should be "art," and that is almost the only blemish in the book.

"Jammed, and Other Verse" (Bickers), is a series of unsuccessful attempts to be funny, the result of which is dreary to a degree. About the best piece is "Farinaceous Food," which might have passed muster in the pages of a comic journal; the parodies of Horace are simply deplorable.

Neither can much be said for "The Conceited Sparrow of Neemuch," by A. P. F. (painfully suggestive initials!), which is issued by Messrs. Remington. It is a poor attempt to imitate Ingoldsby, and may have amused its author.

Though far from perfect technically, there is much to praise in "The Stories of the 30th of January, 1649, and the 29th of May, 1660, Told in Rhyme" (J. T. Hayes).—The author is one who, without ignoring Stuart shortcomings, is a warm adherent of the cause of loyalty and religion; he has modelled himself, not unsuccessfully, on Macaulay and Aytoun, and with a little more care might enrich our ballad literature with some good specimens. But is it certain that the murderer of Claverhouse was hired by a Scotchman at all? And granting the fact, should the infamy of the Covenanters be attributed to the whole nation?

Messrs. Routledge and Sons have issued, in a cheap form, a capital edition of "The Works of Father Prout," edited by Mr. Charles Kent, who contributes an interesting biographical notice. To those who can appreciate them, these writings—both prose and verse—are too well known to need commendation.

Mr. Longfellow's latest volume, "Ultima Thule" (Routledge and Sons), will not increase his fame, and is best passed over in silence, in remembrance of former work by the old American poet.

#### CORPORATIONS AND OFFICERS

BUTLER's caustic illustration of an alderman who "dispatches no public affair till he has dined upon it, and is fully satisfied with pie and custard," to whom the "cramping of his inside is the most weighty part of the work of the day," and who, believing with the Italians that men were "wiser after their bellies" were full, was "cautious to omit no occasion of improving his parts that way,"—that definition lingers in the popular idea and is applied to the heads of Corporations after the reasons for it have chiefly passed away. For it was in the unreformed Corporations of old that there lingered these customs of eating and drinking, those curiosities of description and title which the great roller of Reform has swept away. The old titles of the head of the Corporation, for instance,—the borough-reeves, capital burgesses, and bailiffs—were merged in the reformed boroughs, and Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors are the common names of the local governors now. But if we look to the boroughs that are still unreformed we find that there is a little more variety in the names. We have the accustomed Mayor in antique boroughs such as Fordwich, Higham Ferrers, Christchurch, and Appleby; we have a Senior Chamberlain at Alnwick; Bailiffs at Alresford, Great Dunmow, Seaford, Radnor, and other places; Portreeves, as at Usk and Llantrissant; Senior Bailiff, as at Chipping Camden; High Steward, as at Havering-atte-Bower; High Constable, as at Lewes; Warden, as at Sutton Coldfield; and Alderman, as at Malmesbury. There is less variation in the names of the two other classes of members of the governing body, but we have Burgesses, capital and inferior, at many places; "Barons" at Corfe Castle; "Jurats" at Brading; and Assistant Burgesses as at Olchampton, as well as the familiar Aldermen and Councillors.

In the officers appointed by these old and unreformed Corporations we have also variety. There is still a "hayward" paid at Alresford; Appleby appoints yet its "swine lookers, house lookers, ale tasters, searchers of leather, and market lookers;" Berkeley has its pinder; Corfe Castle has a "carnator" to inspect the quality of food; there are bread-weighers and "lane drivers" at Harton; swine drivers at Lostwithiel; water bailiffs at Orford; whilst in some of the reformed Corporations, such as Richmond in Yorkshire, there are small payments still yearly made to molecatchers and others of trades not usually employed by corporate bodies. Some of these offices that now seem odd as being held under Corporations were so held because these bodies possessed higher powers in some directions than they now do; defining and inspecting the weights and measures in their bounds, owning jurisdiction over certain trades, and making regulations for the prevention of public inconvenience or annoyance from the carrying on of others. It is to these facts that we have to look for the cause of the somewhat singular names that officers or members of the Corporations were entitled by. If we look at the records of olden provincial Corporations, we shall see one regulating the price at which beer or ale shall be sold; another ordering butchers to refrain from selling meat on Sundays and holy days; another defining the times of sale of fruit in the market. In others the Corporation arranges the order of the sittings in church; and in other towns there were regulations for the guidance of hucksters, and definitions of punishment, such as that of the pillory, for their infraction. In a sentence, the Corporations of those days ruled, in Macaulay's phrase, in a land where we should scarce recognise one landscape in a thousand, or one custom in many. But the land where "all things always seemed the same," is changed, and the free breath of public opinion sweeps now through the Corporations, and urges them on to progress and to change.

J. W. S.



It is possible that our estimate of Mr. Clark Russell's sea stories may seem extravagant to those who have not yet read them. It is therefore almost necessary to say that it is out of no inclination to give one grain of praise without ample cause that we have no hesitation in giving to the author of "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," and now of "A Sailor's Sweetheart" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), the very highest place among all authors, living or dead, who have written of sailors and the sea. We are anxious not to qualify the thoroughness of our estimate by a single limitation. There are few things finer in the whole range of English fiction, from the days of Defoe downwards, than the account in the work before us of how the sailing ship *Waldershare* doubled Cape Horn—it is not like a powerful picture, but is a tremendous reality. Nor does this stand alone; it is an example of the sort of work Mr. Clark Russell can do whenever he leaves the uncongenial shore, and lets sentiment go, and thinks only of the winds and waves and of those who battle with them. It is mere idleness on his part to assure his critics, in a pre-

face, that he writes from long personal experience of a merchant seaman's life, and that his sea novels contain more fact than fiction. Truth and knowledge are written in every line and word. He gives us the sailor as he is, and, without the least straining after poetical effect, makes us see and realise the fascination of the sea for those who know it, not as mere poets or painters, but out of familiar intimacy with its most terrible as well as its commonest phases. A novel of genuinely exciting adventure is in itself almost a welcome novelty; in "A Sailor's Sweetheart" we have the strong and simple style of the masters in a school of fiction which is likely enough to outlast all others. If its author were half as good on shore as he is off it, and as much at home in love affairs as he is in sea craft, his hands would be stronger than any one man's have a right to be. It is to be hoped that "A Sailor's Sweetheart" will not meet with the usual fortune of great work in having to wait for a public appreciation as ample as it is due.

Mr. Manville Fenn, in "The Clerk of Portwick" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), has combined a great deal of information about shunting, signalling, and the general routine of life on the railway, with an interesting and, in many respects, pathetic story. His plot cannot be called original, seeing that it turns upon a false charge of stealing jewels brought against the hero, from which he is in the end triumphantly cleared. But a good deal can be done with an old plot by a hand so expert as Mr. Fenn's, and only a slight absence of constructive care has prevented his doing all that can be done. The story of the heroine's triumph over her blindness would not have been less touching had its completeness been a great deal more possible, and poetical justice would have been even better satisfied had the manner in which the hero originally incurred suspicion been better accounted for. Compression would have doubled the interest of the book at least; but, as it stands, "The Clerk of Portwick" is to be recommended as a successful attempt to enlist the sympathies of its readers on the side of right and virtue.

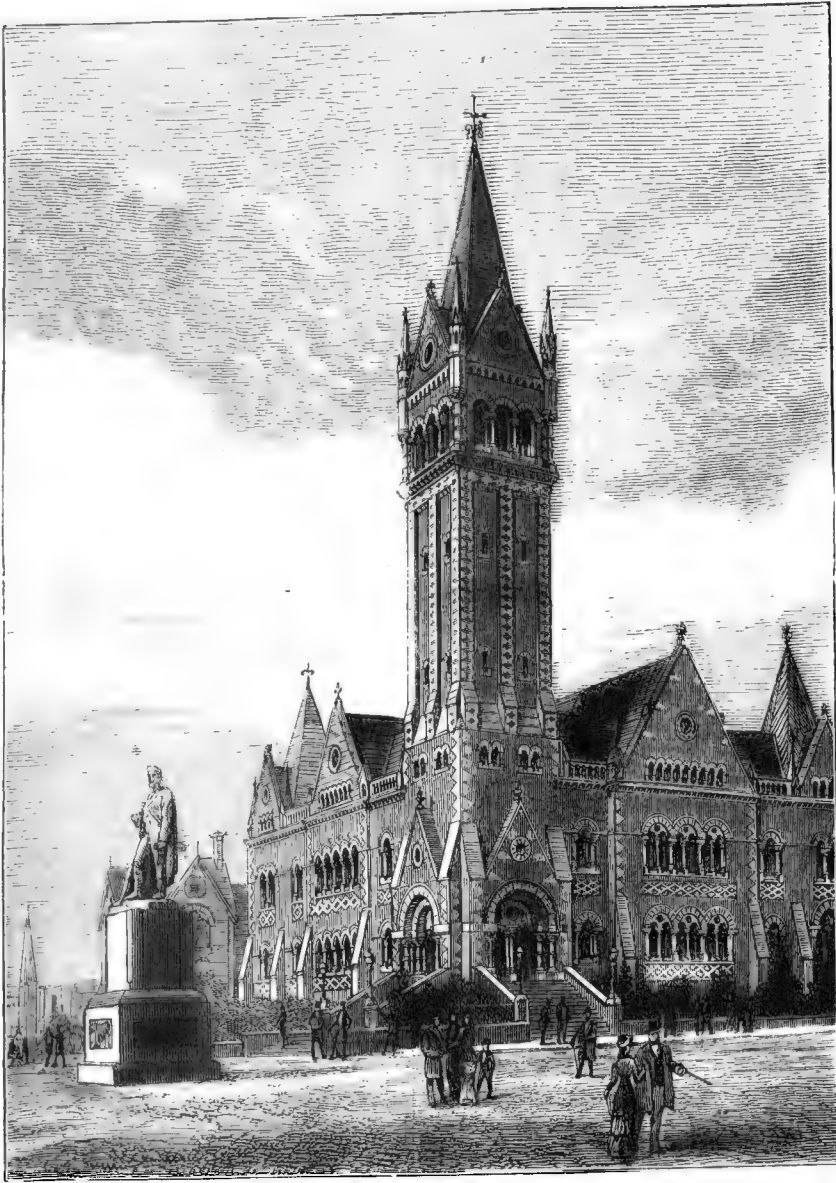
How far the story of the disfranchisement of a corrupt borough, as told in a reprint from *Fraser's Magazine*, called "Blues and Bufls," by Arthur Mills (1 vol.: Longmans and Co.), may be as appropriate to post-Ballot as to pre-Ballot times, those who take part in such doings must determine. Mr. Mills seems to think that constituencies bearing some slight resemblance to his typical borough of Sharnborough still survive. At any rate he has written a smart and effective political satire, dealing with a particularly corrupt election as seen behind the scenes, and has only weakened it by fancying it necessary to hang upon it the thread of a very conventional love story. His own sympathies, like his hero's, appear to be Conservative, but he has given the Blues no cause to crow over the Bufls—or at least very little. At any rate he has succeeded in amusing all readers who will take the trouble to skip the love-business. Wherever they see the word "Sharnborough," let them read; wherever the name of "Gertrude," let them turn over the page.

The anonymous author of "Strictly Tied Up: a Novel" (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), is unusually free from the weakness of looking at life through rose-coloured glasses. His story, which shows considerable capacity for invention and for putting a plot together, tells how a certain *père prodigue* inveigled a supposed heiress into marriage only to find that her inheritance was, by strict settlement, made conditional upon an improbable event, which of course occurred. The reader's sympathies, however, are excited not only against this unfortunate knave, but against everybody else who is mentioned in the story. A great many characters are introduced of whom each—to speak Hibernically—is a little, but not much, more disagreeable than another. A pinch of cynical bitterness is all very well by way of salt, but salt is scarcely a food upon which anybody would care to dine, even if occasionally varied with vinegar. The result is that monotony is the most conspicuous quality of "Strictly Tied Up," and it need hardly be said that the fault is a grievous one, over which its author's talent in other respects is powerless to prevail. A little more geniality of treatment, especially if combined with a great deal more refinement of touch, would have ensured a verdict of a very different kind.

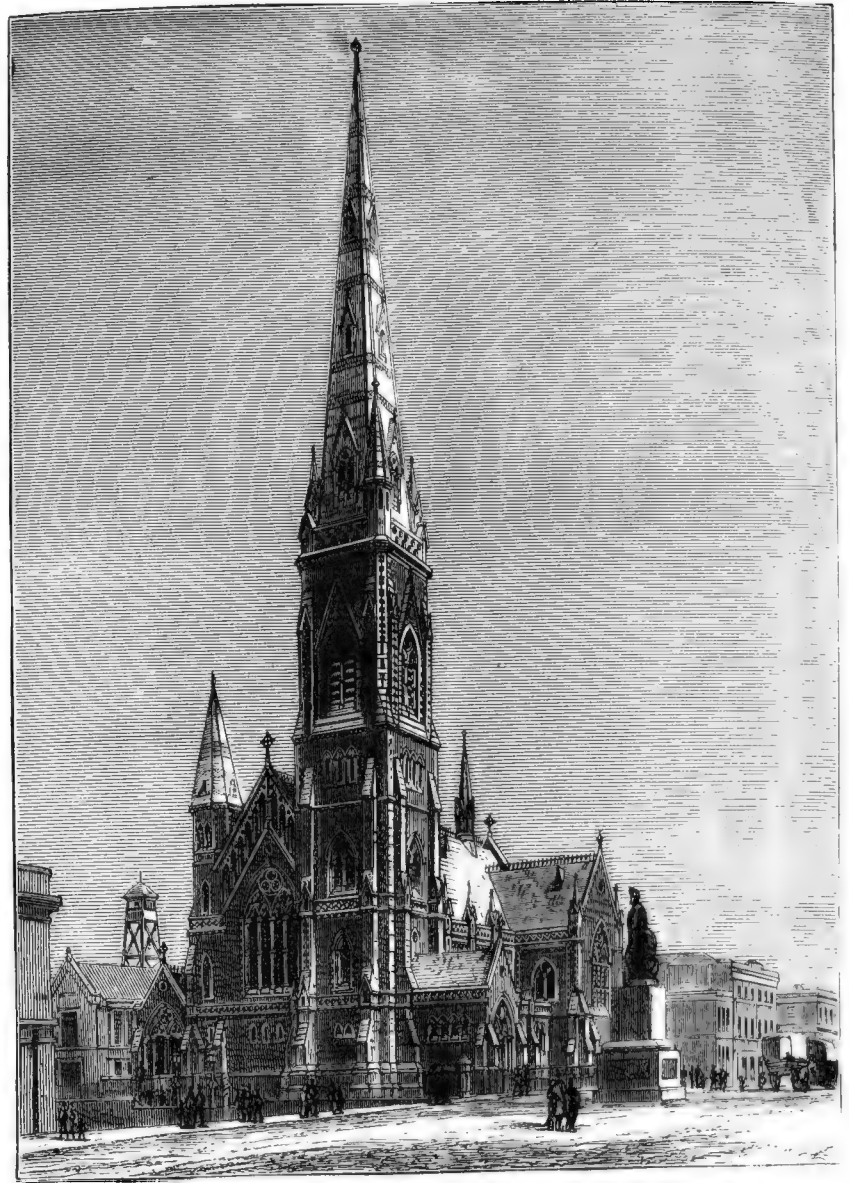
#### GLASGOW UNIVERSITY RECTORIAL CONTEST

"WHAT creature is in health, either young or old, But some mirth with modesty will be glad to use?" is the question with which "Ralph Roister Doister" opens, and it might fitly be taken as motto for every contest of the youth of the Scottish Universities. Every three years each of the four Universities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew's, is plunged into a sea of political and literary mirth and earnest. The government of a Scotch University is by a Chancellor, who is head of the University; a Vice-Chancellor, who is usually the Principal; the Rector, the Principal, the University Court, and the *Senatus Academicus*. The Chancellor is elected by the General Council for life, and is generally in Glasgow a nobleman. From 1715 to 1875 the office was filled by four successive Dukes of Montrose. In 1875 a happy variety was introduced by the election of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., but on his death the Council returned to the peerage, and elected the Duke of Buccleuch, who now holds the office. The Rector is a more popular personage. In the first place he is elected by the vote of the whole body of matriculated students, graduates and undergraduates, and in the second place he only presides for three years, unless he is re-elected. In an election where the electors as a rule are so young and enthusiastic it is reasonable to expect a roll of names which will indicate with fair exactness the waves moving over the country, and with the increase of the voting qualification in the community at large, and the consequent general interest in politics, one finds that of late years almost every election has been more or less a saturnalia of juvenile politicians. And yet few names of second or third-rate importance have found their way to this roll of Rectors simply because they were names which stood for Whig or Tory principles. On the contrary, it would be safe to say that however ardent little sections might be in promoting the cause of a purely party candidate, the main body of students have, not unmindful of the traditions and history of their University, so directed their vote as to secure the election of him, apart altogether from popular political impulses, who was the better fitted on academic and social grounds for the honour. As the result we find within the last hundred years the Right Honourable Edmund Burke Rector of Glasgow University, so also, Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations;" Francis Jeffrey; Sir James Mackintosh; Henry Brougham, "Esq., M.P.;" Thomas Campbell, the poet; the Marquis of Lansdowne (1829); Henry Cockburn; Lord Stanley (1834); Sir Robert Peel (1836); Lord John Russell (1846); Thomas Babington Macaulay; the Duke of Argyll; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; the Earl of Elgin (1859); Lord Palmerston (1862); the present Earl of Derby; Lord Beaconsfield (two terms), and Mr. Gladstone, whose term of office now expires. Such a list as this is creditable to the students of a commercial city, and if the entire list be examined more closely as given in the pages of the University Calendar, the voting of the last part of the century will be found a distinct improvement upon that of the former part. The mode of electing is not free from the forms of antiquity, and might be simplified with great advantage. The whole body of students is divided into four divisions or Nations:—the Natio Glottiana, students born in Lanarkshire; the Natio Transforthana, students born in Orkney, Shetland, Caithness, Sutherland, &c., down to Argyll, Stirling, and Dumbarton; the Natio Rothseiana, students born in





THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH, COLLINS STREET

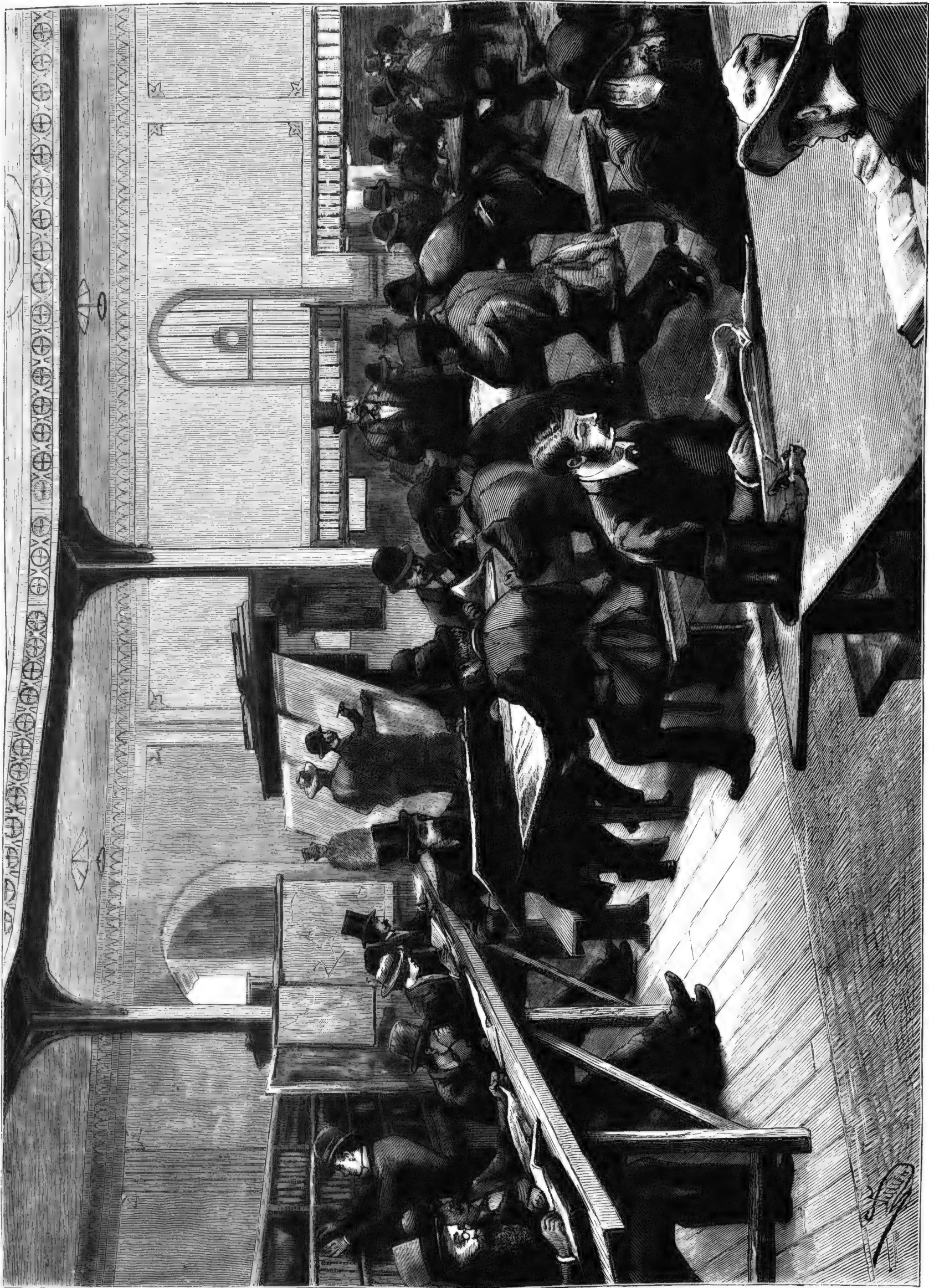


THE SCOTS' CHURCH, COLLINS STREET



HOBSON'S BAY RAILWAY PIER





MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED—INTERIOR OF THE READING ROOM



Bute, Renfrew, or Ayr; the Natio Laudoniana, students born elsewhere, in England, and throughout the world.

The voting is by Nations, and in the event of an equality of Nations the Chancellor has the casting vote. This is regarded as a grievance, particularly by the Liberals, as in the event of such an equality the Chancellor—generally a Conservative—is more inclined to adjudge the Rectorship to the political candidate of his own party than to the other. The majorities, however, are usually great, and the risk of collision between the students and the authorities consequently small. It would be more satisfactory for both parties without doubt if the voting were by simple majority. In the present contest the students of themselves divide into three clubs, the Liberal, the Conservative, and the Independent. The Independent Club was founded some years ago with the view of making the contest less political and more literary, and then ran Mr. Emerson as its candidate. Its candidate this year—Mr. Ruskin—is also that of the Conservative Club, and its existence is rather overshadowed by its more pronounced ally, an alliance with which the Liberals have not been slow to twit the Conservatives as a species of suicide of the Conservative principles which ruled their club when they defeated Mr. W. E. Forster, and chose Sir Stafford Northcote as opponent to Mr. Gladstone. The Liberals have remained true to their colours in running Mr. Bright, but it can scarcely be said—despite Mr. Ruskin's own vigorous avowal of his politics—that the contest of November, 1880, is a political battle on a fair field. The literature issued by the three parties has been effusive and plentiful, but not distinguished by any imprudent novelty. Reading Catullus in the light of an election it may be truly said the cry of each earnest club and canvasser is of its candidate—

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.

He, however, who is most human, unfortunately for poetry, generally wins in the contests of men. W. G. B.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EVER, AND CO.—Once again we are reminded of the flight of time by the appearance of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, Part 48, Vol. VI. The contents of the present volume are not a whit less excellent than their predecessors. No. 1 is a dreamy "Prelude for Soft Stops," by Gustav Merkel; No. 2 an "Introductory Voluntary" by J. M. Doughty; No. 3 is the gem of the collection, "Morceau pour les Carillons," by the editor, Dr. W. Sparks, a really charming composition of more than average merit; No. 4 is a brilliant and somewhat pompous "Festal March," by D. Hemingway, F.C.O.; No. 5 is a brief but admirable "Introduction and Fugue," by G. Dixon, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Taken as a whole this is one of the best numbers of the series.—Volume X. of "Novello's Collection of Anthems" will prove a valuable and useful addition to the church and home library; it contains twenty-one anthems of sterling worth, by well-known composers of sacred music, amongst which are four by Dr. J. Clarke Whitfield, one by Henry Purcell, and one by W. Hutchins Callcott, together with others of high merit.—The two latest numbers of "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" are "Cherubini's Second Mass in D Minor," and "Handel's *Samson*," both of which will be heartily welcomed by professional and amateur musicians; they are so clearly printed at so moderate a cost as to leave nothing to be desired.—Of great value and assistance to the earnest student are the two most recent numbers of "The Music Primers" published by this firm; the one is "Composition," by Dr. Stainer, which contains many useful hints and much solid information for the budding composer, and even for those who have made some progress in the art.—Of even more general utility is "Musical Terms," by Dr. Stainer and W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. (compressed from the Imperial Octavo Edition by K. M. Ross); as a dictionary of reference this little volume should be on the table or shelf of every musician.—A smoothly-written "Nocturne" for the pianoforte by Oliver King is worthy the attention of teachers and professors of music.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A vocal duet and a song, music by Franz Abt, are simple, fresh, and melodious, well fitted for the school and drawing-room. The words of the former, "A Farewell," are by Maria X. Hayes; of the latter, they are by Mrs. Aylmer; both are suitable for young people.—A quaint little ballad, of medium compass, for a soprano or tenor, is "Corydon," written and composed by Vincent Amcotts and Cotsford Dick.—From F. Lemoine comes an excellent transcription for the pianoforte of Handel's celebrated "Largo." It is worthy the attention of amateurs whose tastes are classical, but who are not advanced pianists.—Showy and not difficult is "Les Chevaliers," a *marche militaire* for the pianoforte, by J. Duval.—The same may be said of "The Gipsies' Festival," by J. Pridham, only that it is of an easier type, suitable for a fairly-advanced child.



MISS BIRD is the most energetic of globe-trotters; but she is a great deal more than that. She has the most delightful way of telling what she has seen; and not only her statements, but her views usually, carry conviction with them. To those, however, who know her "Sandwich Islands," or her "Lady's Ride in the Rocky Mountains," our commendation is superfluous; those who do not, had better begin with her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" (Murray).—These two volumes tell us all about a country respecting which most of us know next to nothing—even Chambers's *Encyclopædia* for 1863 reproducing the old blunders. The amount of facts compressed into the work is amazing. Miss Bird paints Japan and its people as she found them; and she went into all sorts of odd corners, travelling now on horseback, now in a *koruma* or *jirikisha* (man-power carriage), alone with her coolies and an interpreter lad of eighteen, save when a Mrs. Gulick joined her in a visit to the famous old Shinto shrines of Isé. It speaks wonders for the Japanese character that such a traveller was not only unmolested, but treated everywhere with courtesy, and almost everywhere with the kindest consideration. Travelled Japs don't care for Christianity; they hold that Western nations, from whom so much is to be learnt in the way of science, can teach them nothing about morals and rules of life. In regard to life's amenities they are certainly right; fancy a Japanese lady travelling through Suffolk villages and Lancashire mill-towns, knocking up innkeepers, turning their houses inside out, worrying about her food, and stigmatising their viands as "broth of abominable things." One can't fancy it; it is impossible. With us the cad is rampant, and the innkeeper is master of the situation. But, though kindness and courtesy are universal, everything in Japan is not *coulour de rose*. Miss Bird thinks the people in general "shrivelled, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, concave-chested." Everywhere she complains of their poor *physique*. Perhaps she compared them with the stalwart "pioneers of progress" in the Far West, just as she unfavourably contrasted the piercing damp cold of Japan with the dry cold of Colorado. The villages she often finds

either grey and sad-looking, or "poor, shabby, even squalid, and bad-smelling." "If (she says) my scenes are too realistic, remember they are strictly representative; I neither made them nor went in search of them." She tells us a great deal about Missions, the prospects of which would be better if the conduct of Europeans was more in accordance with their tenets. A remark about the aspirations of the pupils makes us fear that Mission-schools for girls are working in a wrong groove. Buddhism she investigated thoroughly, and her remarks on its practical results are worth a dozen treatises. Of Shintoism, the old religion officially revived, she like other investigators fails to solve the riddle. To her it seems "nothing"; at any rate it is the protest of the reinstated Mikado against the Buddhist worship of the Shoguns. Miss Bird's greatest feat was her tour in Yezo, amongst those strange Ainos, possibly a white race degraded by subjection to yellow men. Poor creatures! they have splendid heads (like Noel Paton's Christ), sweet smiles, they have musical voices, a more than Japanese courtesy; yet they are hopelessly unimprovable and dying out. Miss Bird may well be proud of her Yezo trip; she tells how a batch of Counts from the French and Austrian Legations, with lots of claret and tinned meats and pack-ponies, came back discomfited from a mountain road which she safely passed. But then she has a genius for travelling, and for describing her travels.

Equally good in its way is Sir E. J. Reed's "Japan: Its History, Traditions, and Religions, with the Narrative of a Visit in 1879" (Murray).—Sir Edward has built ships for the Mikado; he was, therefore, hand-in-glove with all the admirals and prime ministers and such like. Hence his book has a certain official flavour, and is much more hopeful than Miss Bird's. His first volume deals with religion and history—the latter in a style which will satisfy the most thorough-going inquirer. His second goes at length into the Japanese literature and art, and describes what he saw during a month's stay at Tokio (Yeddo) followed by a tour to the inland sea, and round by Osaka and the sacred city of Nara to the Isé shrines. Of course, he also visited Kioto, the western capital; and he passed so near Fuji-Yama that we wonder he could refrain from ascending it. His movements, however, were mainly along the great Tokaido road, that one exception to the generally execrable ways, which surely want mending before the Japanese go in for multiplying railroads. Even this, the old highway of the Daimios on their enforced visits to the capital, is sadly neglected. Systematic chapters are naturally more methodical than Miss Bird's letters; but, like Sir Edward's book, agree in their general estimate of the vast changes which have been accepted with such strange docility, and of the uneasy feeling aroused in the visitor whether all this can last. When a people among the most superstitious in the East is only saved from "blank atheism" by the belief in a divinely descended Mikado; when travelled Japanese, if you ask them what they thought of the religions of Europe, reply they had no time to investigate subjects of no practical bearing; when Mr. Satow, of the British Legation, is already the great authority about Old Japan: one feels that the French Revolution was nothing compared with that which abolished the Shoguns, and along with them the faith and practice of ages. Is the race strong enough to bear the shock? Sir Edward rates their physique far higher than Miss Bird does; but he, travelling *en prince*, may have seen picked men. He certainly never rode (as she did) on "a plump and pretty little cow," into a squalid village, where a woman was reeling about drunk, and where Ito, her guide and interpreter, covered his face with his hands, and said, "What am I to do? I'm so ashamed for you to see such things." Drink, the bane of the poor Ainos, seems in Japan to be the women's besetting sin. As some English wives are said to do, they sometimes have their *saki* put down as rice or tea. One point which comes out in every book about Japan we wish Sir Edward had discussed—the strange resemblances between Buddhism and Romanism. How did they come about? Did one borrow from the other, and, if so, which? Or is it only (as the Jesuits said) a case of the devil apeing God? Sir Edward's views are far broader than Miss Bird's. He often gives a sly hit at our Western bigotry, and he contrasts the stuffiness of a church with the free air and pleasant surroundings of a Buddhist temple. Both tell us much about the Shinshu Buddhists who, in their doctrines of an atoning Saviour and justification by faith, come nearest to Christianity. One of the heads of this sect, Akamat, who has been a year and a-half in England, and speaks our language, has founded a mission for converting us to Shinshuism. Our verdict is that just now almost every missionary to Japan should know something of medicine. Dr. Palm, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, does more than all the rest put together. We heartily recommend Sir E. Reed's book. He looks hopefully at things; but he is thoroughly honest, and does not shrink from telling the unpleasant truth about the shameless way in which foreigners, backed up by armed fleets, took advantage of Japanese ignorance of the value of gold. He points out how justly the Japanese complain of the galling "treaty clauses," and call for a revision, for which the treaty itself provides. His opinion ought to have great weight; and we trust that it may help our statesmen to free themselves from that subservience to merely mercantile interests which is the disgrace of our policy in the Far East. Hitherto Japan has been forced open less for her own good than for the advantage of the Western trader.

The Hon. T. Talbot dedicates his "Greece and the Greeks" (Sampson Low and Co.) to Mr. Gladstone; and we are curious to know what the author of "Juventus Mundi" thinks of a work so wholly unlike any of his own. Mr. Gladstone never asserts anything without giving chapter and verse for it; Mr. Talbot quotes vaguely both from ancients and moderns. We should like to know "the witness who vouches for the fact" that the Turks kept 700,000 janissaries in the Acropolis. We should prefer something more definite than a reference to Strabo at large for the first building of brick houses at Athens by "the Storks" (Pelargoi), as these two Tuscan were called, on account of their wandering. To talk of Minerva in connection with the Acropolis of Pallas is even a greater mistake than to give such a title as "Greece and the Greeks" to "a historic sketch of Attic life and manners." Mr. Talbot is great on old Greek superstitions, and compares them with those of the modern Irish. The Greeks, when they cut their hair, offered the clippings to a river god; the Irish hide theirs in the thatch lest it should be missing at the Day of Judgment. Sneezing was a solemn thing among the Greeks; in Ireland it generally brings out a "God bless us!" but then so it does in Germany, especially among the Jews, the custom being probably due to the Talmudic legend of the prediluvian mode of dying. The resemblances, such as they are, Mr. Talbot explains, by supposing that Greece and Ireland were in old times connected commercially or otherwise; and as Ireland escaped the break-up of the Roman Empire, customs lived on there which were elsewhere uprooted. There is a mass of suggestive facts in Mr. Talbot's book, but they need arrangement, and an elder schoolboy might profitably employ part of his over-long vacations in verifying them, and in correcting such blunders as that which makes the wryneck "a kind of sparrow." But Mr. Talbot probably writes chiefly for non-classical readers; his book is pleasant reading, reminding us of "afternoon lectures for ladies." The chapters on Attic law and law courts are full and lucid, and far better arranged than the rest of the work.

Mr. Ernest de Bunsen, in "The Angel-Messiah of Buddhists, Essenes, and Christians" (Longmans), carries too far the unquestionable truth that our Christianity is rather Pauline than Jacobean or Johannine, or (as it has been otherwise expressed) that St. Paul made Christianity a world-religion instead of a Jewish sect. Stephen, he thinks, was an Essene, applying as he did to Jesus the exclusively Essene doctrine of the Angel-Messiah. St. Paul

was (as Eusebius rightly asserted) tinctured with Essenism. The Essenes were the sect "everywhere spoken against," with which the Roman Jews identified him. St. Paul alone, Mr. Bunsen thinks, teaches the Incarnation. "For him, Christ is the risen Incarnate Angel of God, for the Twelve he was the Son of God, who by the Spirit's anointing had been made Christ." That part of the Acts (the account of the Day of Pentecost) was not composed till about the time when the Fourth Gospel was published; that the Roman Church is responsible for stamping that Gospel with the authority of St. John, Mr. de Bunsen labours to prove. He makes much of the difference between the Fourth and the three other Gospels as to the day of the Crucifixion (14th Nisan says the Fourth Gospel, 15th Nisan say the other three). Some of us may remember how Hermann Heimfetter, in the *Athenæum*, used to charge us with keeping Good Friday on the wrong day. More interesting than these trifling matters is the connection between Buddhism and Christianity. The similarity in ritual strikes every traveller; Mr. de Bunsen points out, in the Virgin-birth, the Messianic star, the Temptation, &c., several strange parallels of another kind. It strikes us that enough is not known of the actual dates of Buddhist writings to determine how these originated. The rapidity with which new dogmas are assimilated in the East will account for much which Mr. de Bunsen looks on as undoubtedly pre-Christian. There is a deal of learning (and a still greater display of it) in his book; but we warn readers against accepting conclusions based either on Oriental works or on the dreams of Philo. Very often Mr. de Bunsen throws light on a dark place; the difficulty about the barren fig-tree, for instance, he explains by remarking that the mulberry fig-tree bears fruit every month.

Fleet-Surgeon H. F. Norbury, late of H.M.S. *Active*, gives, in "The Naval Brigade in South Africa in 1877-9" (Sampson Low and Co.) a very good account, not only of Kaffir life, but also of the rise, progress, and customs of the Zulu nation. He also treats of the Kaffir War of 1877-8, and of the Zulu War so far as the Naval Brigade took a part in it. His book will be read with interest even by those who have already gone through a good deal of the too voluminous war-literature; for, writing for his comrades, he writes with freshness and simplicity. Some of our proceedings were at least doubtful; all things are fair in war, but to bury a mass of dynamite under a stone-heap, fixing a stake in it, so that when the Zulus came and pulled the stake up the dynamite exploded and killed a lot of them, savours of the barbarism of civilisation. Bayard would not have relished a campaign with enemies who used tricks so destructive of chivalry.

### SPIDER LORE

THE spider, which in daily life is little noticed except for its cobweb, the presence of which in a house generally betokens neglect, has, however, an interesting history; being the subject of many a curious legend and quaint superstition. Although the servant oftentimes ruthlessly sweeps this uncared-for intruder off the wall when seen, yet a common proverb reminds us that

If you wish to live and thrive  
Let the spider run alive

—ill-luck being supposed to quickly overtake those who kill, or even so much as injure it. The regard which is paid by many to the life of the spider is in all probability due to the influence of an old legend which tells how, when Christ lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the spider came and spun a beautiful web over the spot over which He was, thus preserving His life by screening Him from all the dangers that surrounded Him. Stories of a similar character are told about several notable persons during times of persecution. Thus there is a Hebrew tradition relating to King David. When escaping from Saul in the Desert of Ziph a spider is said to have spun a web over the cave in which he was concealed, causing his pursuers to believe that no one could be hidden there. Mahomet, too, in his flight from Mecca, is reported to have been saved by a spider and a pigeon. When his enemies reached the cave where he rested, and found a spider's web across the mouth, and a pigeon in her nest just above, they at once concluded that the place had not recently been disturbed, or the web would have been destroyed. It was a notion formerly prevalent in many parts of Scotland that should a servant wilfully kill a spider she would certainly break a piece of crockery or glass in the course of the day. Another reason why the spider is protected against ill-usage is from a superstitious fancy that it brings prosperity. Thus, in some parts of Northamptonshire, it is known as the "Money-spinner," and prognosticates good luck. In order to propitiate it the peasant oftentimes throws it over his left shoulder. In some places it is said that if the "money-spider" be found on a person's clothes, it is an omen that he will shortly have money, in allusion to which old Fuller quaintly moralises, "When a spider is found upon our clothes, we used to say some money is coming towards us. The moral is this: Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature, by God's blessing weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate." The spider has from time immemorial been a favourite charm in the cure of certain diseases. Thus, in Norfolk, the parents of the child afflicted with whooping cough are recommended to search for a spider in their own house, and on finding one to hold it over the head of the child, repeating three times the following rhyme—

Spider, as you waste away,  
Whooping-cough no longer stay.

The spider must then be hung up in a bag over the mantle-shelf, and as it gradually dries up so too the cough will disappear. As a remedy for ague the spider has been considered most efficacious. Some years ago a lady in the south of Ireland was celebrated far and near for her cure of this disorder. Her remedy was a large house-spider taken alive enveloped in treacle or preserve. Of course, the parties were carefully kept in ignorance of what the wonderful remedy was. Sometimes a spider is put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the patient's neck. Dr. Graham, in his "Domestic Medicine," prescribed spider's webs for ague and intermittent fever; and also names powder made of spiders given for the ague, and mentions his knowledge of a spider having been sewn up in a bag, and worn as a periapt round the neck to charm away the ague. Another remedy consists in enclosing the spider between the two halves of a nutshell, and wearing it round the neck.

The spider is occasionally used in Sussex in cases of jaundice; many an old doctress prescribing "a live spider rolled up in butter." Once more an old writer, speaking of warts, has the following quaint remarks:—"Some chirurgeons there be that cure warts in this manner: They take a spider's web, rolling the same up on a round heap like a ball, and laying it upon the wart; they set fire on it, and so burn it to ashes, and by this way and order the warts are eradicated, that they never after grow again." In Shakespeare's time, however, spiders were considered poisonous, in allusion to which Leontes in the *Winter's Tale* (Act II., sc. 1), says:—

There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd.

The supposed antipathy between the toad and spider was in days gone by proverbial—the idea being that they poisonously destroyed each other. Many curious stories have been written of their combats, wherein the victory is most commonly given to the spider. Erasmus relates an amusing anecdote of a monk who was found asleep on his back, with a toad sitting upon his mouth. The brethren at once conveyed the body and placed it under the web of a spider, which instantly descended upon and "at length slew the









CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ST. KILDA ROAD

toad, and delivered the monk from an ugly death." Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," in exposing this superstition remarks:—"Having in a glass included a toad with several spiders, we beheld the spiders, without resistance, to sit upon his head, and pass over all his body; which at last upon advantage he swallowed down, and that in a few hours, unto the number of seven."

The spider is not without its weather-lore; and the peasantry make many prognostications from its movements. Thus it is said that "if garden spiders forsake their cobwebs, rain is at hand;" and according to an old proverb:

When you see gossamer flying,  
Be sure the air is drying.

Wilsford, in his "Nature's Secrets," tells us how spiders creep out of their holes and narrow receptacles against wind or rain; Minerva having made them sensible of an approaching storm. If spiders, too, are indolent, it is considered a sign of rain; and their activity during rain is said to be a certain proof that it will only be of short duration, and be followed by fair weather. Spiders usually make some alterations in their webs every twenty-four hours; if these

changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and fine night. Again, if the weather is likely to become rainy or windy, spiders generally fix the terminating filaments on which the whole web is suspended, unusually short. If, on the other hand, these are long, it is an omen that the weather will remain fine for ten or twelve days.

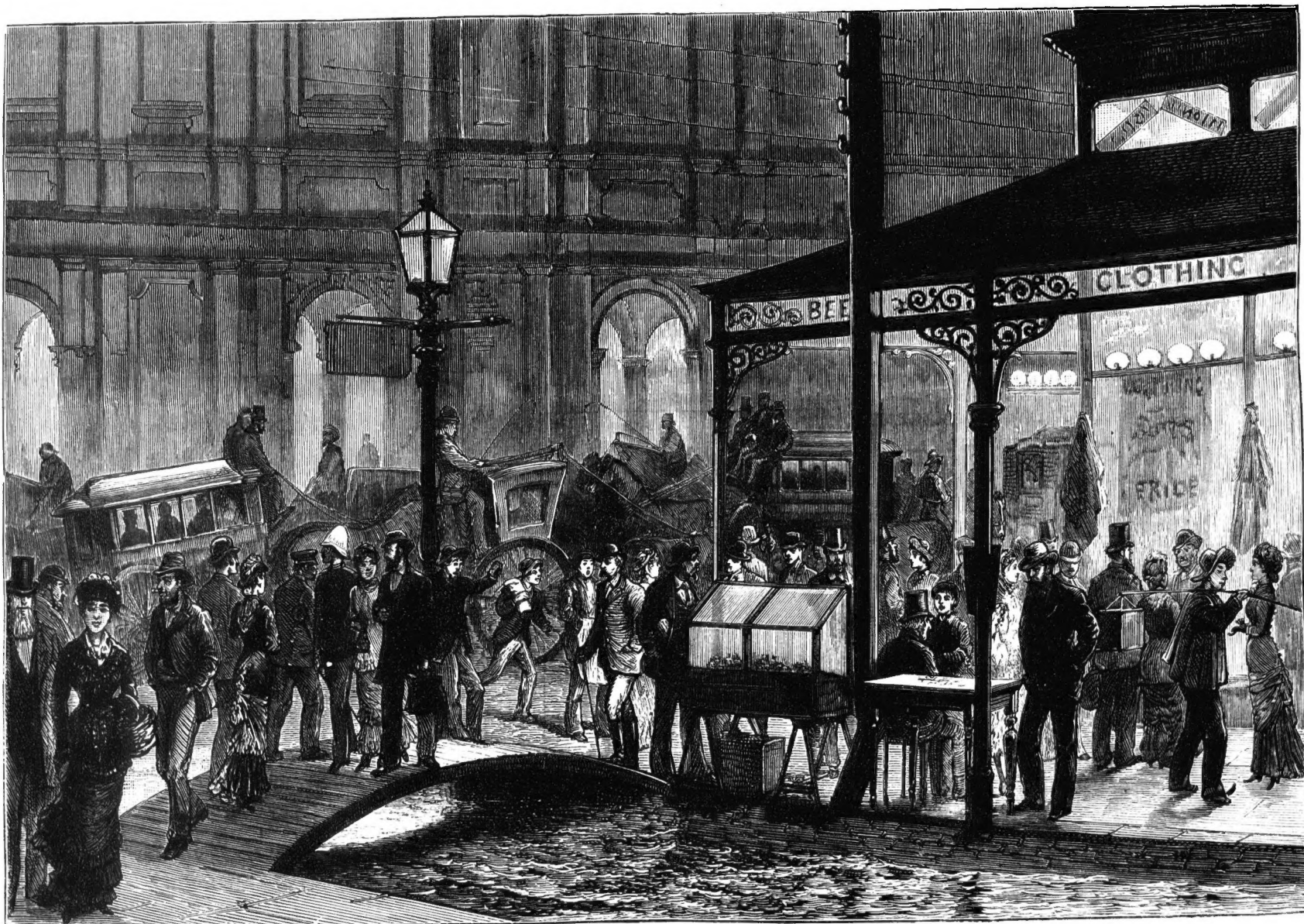
There are numerous other items of folk-lore connected with the spiders. There was a tradition formerly prevalent that it was never found in Ireland, or in Irish timber. Hence it was asserted that no spiders or their webs had ever been seen in the roof or organ-loft of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, in consequence of these being made of Irish timber. The Hon. D. Babington, however, in the "Philosophical Transactions" (vol. lix. 30), tells us that he had examined several ancient timber roofs without being able to detect any spiders' webs. He accounts for this, on the principle "that flies are not to be found in such situations, and therefore spiders do not frequent them."

There is a curious notion that spiders are particularly sensible to the sound of music, and will often leave off spinning their webs and

approach the direction whence the sound comes. Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music" (vol. iii. p. 117), has given some amusing anecdotes illustrative of this piece of spider-lore. He narrates how a certain captain, when confined in prison, amused himself by playing on his lute. Great was his astonishment when he found the spiders descend from their webs and form a circle round him while he played. As soon, however, as he laid aside his instrument, these insects retired quickly into their hiding-places. Another anecdote is told of a musician who one evening amused himself till supper-time with his violin, setting a light upon the table before him. He had not played a quarter of an hour before he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, which came and ranged themselves on the table, apparently spell-bound with the melodious sounds they hear.

The spotted flycatcher (*Muscicapa grisola*, Linn) is called in Northamptonshire "the cobweb," because it feeds on flies, and builds its nest almost entirely of cobwebs when it can obtain them. It is also known as the spider-catcher.

T. F. THISELTON DYER



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